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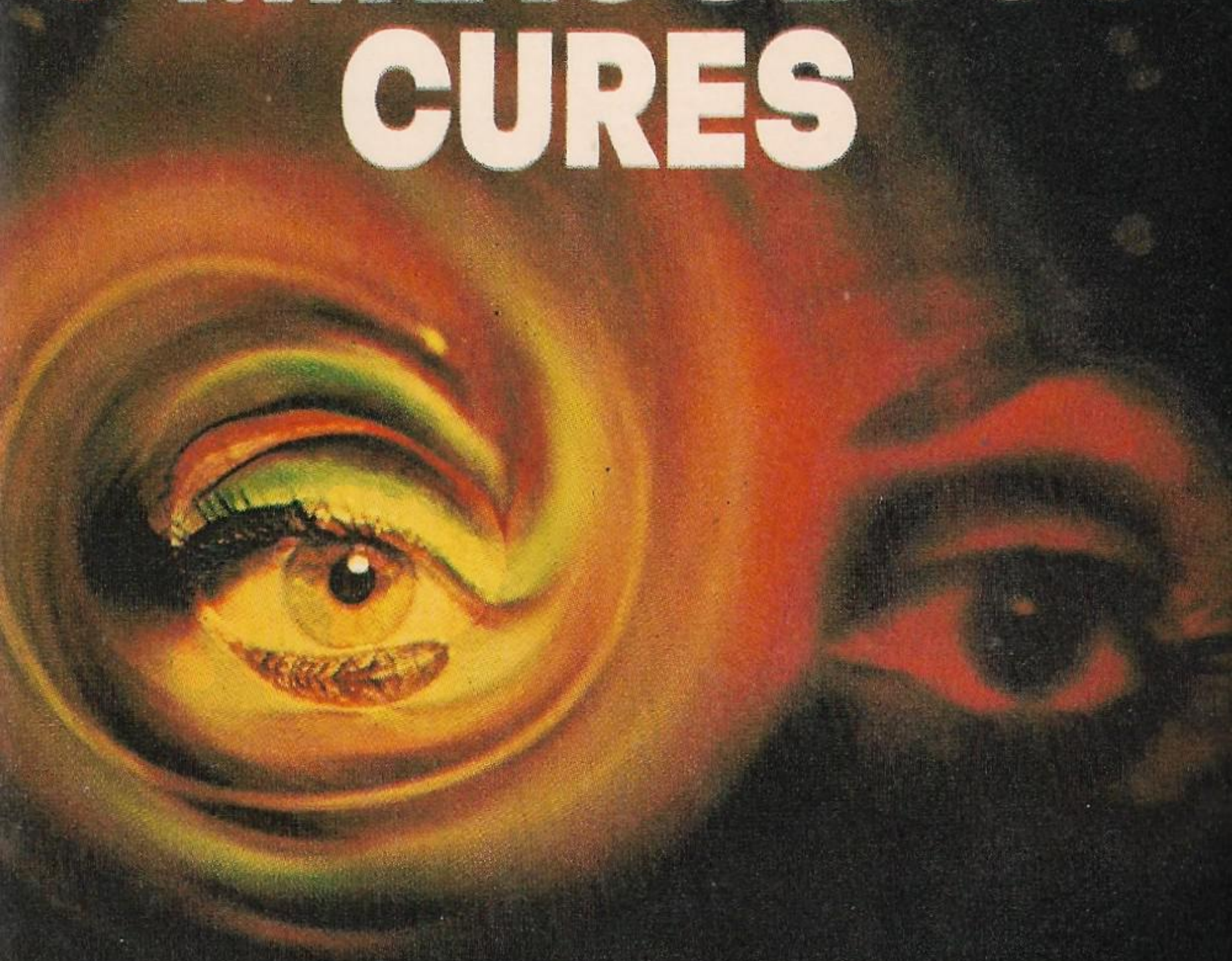
STRANGE & MIRACULOUS CURES



by WARREN SMITH

Author of STRANGE POWERS OF THE MIND

Published for the first time in the United States—documented case studies of extraordinary recoveries through remedies far beyond the limitations of modern medicine.

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CURES IN THE FUTURE

- A remarkable discovery will lead to greater understanding of the cause and cure of certain malignant conditions of the body.
- People will look to vitamins for a cure for "nervous breakdowns."
- A new approach to skin grafting . . . especially helpful for burn cases. Also a drug which will have a freezing reaction on diseased portions of the body . . . will greatly aid in the quest against today's so-called incurable diseases.
- . . . a new drug for cancer which will be slow working, but will point the way to a cure.
- A cure for arthritis.
- Birth control pills will be replaced by something better.
- A no-nicotine cigarette.
- Federal agencies will be more rigid in enforcing the laws governing drugs and patent medicines.

These are a few of the actual predictions made by respected, contemporary prophets, as recently as this year. If these predictions are as accurate as those made by seers in the past, it would appear that mankind is on the threshold of many miraculous medical discoveries.

Also by the author:*

STRANGE POWERS OF THE MIND

*Published by *ACE STAR* BOOKS

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INTRODUCTION: THE MAGIC POWER OF BELIEF

What is disease? What are the causes of illness?

Even today, with the most modern medical techniques, our doctors are frequently baffled by the strange characteristics of disease and the unique characteristics of illness. There are no easy answers to these questions because the human body, God's marvelous creation, is occasionally capable of confusing the most competent physician without warning.

Take the testing of modern drugs. Scientific methods indicate a new drug should be tested under control conditions. This means that the research men divide their volunteer patients into two categories. The first group of patients receive the drug. The second group is given a placebo: a harmless sugar pill.

In 1964, while doing research tests on a tranquilizer, the medical researchers for the staff of a large drug manufacturer were pleased with the first results of their test.

"We've shown some miraculous changes in personality disorders," the chief of the research section reported. "If our tests continue in this manner, we may have the perfect tranquilizer."

Within a week, the research staff was completely disheartened. The mental patients in the institution had, as usual, been divided into two sections. However, the group on the placebo pills, on a percentage basis, showed more positive personality changes than those receiving the real medication.

"It was one of our most confusing situations. We have

deferred release of the drug until further studies are conducted," the research chief said.

What is disease? The author asked representatives of several groups. Here are their answers:

An Episcopalian Minister: "I have healed many people through the theory of asking them to forgive others. Once an ill person practices forgiveness, and *the acceptance of himself*, we have witnessed what might be called a miraculous cure. Loving others and accepting ourselves for what we are, our best points and our weaknesses, seems to mentally change many ill people. These mental changes are then, in turn, transformed into physical stability."

A Faith Healer: "Disease starts in the mind and can be cured by good thoughts. I am concerned when medical science gives more attention to the scientific aspects of illness and less to mind-religion origination. The lack of faith will destroy. Faith in the goodness of God will heal."

A parapsychologist: "We are unable to present valid, scientifically acceptable theories as to the causes of disease. The real truth of the matter lies in the future research. However, it is my opinion that eventually we will discover that many diseases are created by a certain state of mind. In fact, and this is only my personal opinion without scientific basis, I think many diseases and illnesses are caused by a guilt complex of past or present deeds. It is a passive, suffering state of punishment for supposed misdeeds. How else can you explain the fantastic cures at Lourdes or other holy shrines?"

A prominent medical doctor: "There are valid, scientific reasons for every disease. We know that a specific type of virus causes a cold or flu. What we do not know is why several people exposed to this virus react in a different manner. One will become very ill from the virus;

another will remain healthy. Mental attitude? Vitamins? Frankly, we don't know."

As medical science progresses toward a time when an answer is available for every ailment, we must accept the judgments of the scientifically-trained doctor rather than the faith healer. The medical profession deals in the realities of the world. Each cure must be proven totally and completely before it is used by the average physician.

"Faith healers, on the other hand, often experiment with their clients," an authoritative faith healer admitted. "We deal in faith. Each patient has a different amount of faith. Some are cured. Others are not. I make certain my patients have exhausted all forms of medical help before they turn to me. In reality, I do not know what I give these people. The power of healing is beyond my comprehension. I have cured many people of many ailments *but I don't know how I did it!* Until any faith cure can be proven under valid laboratory conditions we have to admit we are nothing more than experimenters."

As the faith healer indicated in his statements, there is often a hit-and-miss element to any instant miracle or faith cure. The person with a real illness should consult his own physician. "I may be a faith healer but I always go to the doctor when I, or a member of my family, have a cold," this faith healer said.

I HEALERS: PAST AND PRESENT

STRANGE HEALER OF THE SANDS

Old Arabs still remember the incredible "Healer of the Sands," who ministered to the isolated Bedouin tribes during the early decades of this century. The obscure healer strolled from oasis to oasis in the deadly Sahara desert; his burnoose robe was scant protection against the searing rays of the burning sun, and his worn sandals meager protection against the fiery sands.

The healer appeared out of the desert darkness as the roving Bedouins huddled around their oasis campfires. His gaunt, walnut-skinned face peered intently toward the group.

"Are there any here who seek the healing power of Allah?" His voice was thin and distant.

Hundreds of miles from civilization, many of the Bedouin tribesmen and their families suffered from numerous afflictions. One scrawny youth was bothered with running sores. An old woman ached from the blistering effects of sunburn and prolonged wind exposure. A small baby suffered from a mysterious malady; wan and listless, the infant was barely able to take nourishment.

"Bring the ailing into my sight," the hooded healer commanded. Quickly, the curious sick huddled together at the edge of the fluttering campfire. The thin youth scratched his sores, giggling nervously.

"Quiet," commanded the tribal chieftain, glancing

angrily at the boy. "This man will remove your sores."

The healer launched a bizarre ceremony. Using a tall staff, he inscribed a deep circle in the sand around the group of ailing Arabs. His dark fingers marked the edges of the circle with strange symbols.

"Extend your hands," the healer commanded. He anointed each palm with a fragrant oil. He stroked a triangle of reddish liquid on each forehead. He stood rigidly, faced his patients and chanted in an unknown tongue. At length, the alien chant ceased.

"Meditate now upon the goodness of Allah," commanded the mysterious curer. "Goodness is much stronger than evil. The goodness of Allah will enter into your bodies and bring his tender touch to your vessels."

As the assembled group remained silent in their meditations, the cloaked healer moved among them, pressing his thumbs against the triangular red-colored inscription on their foreheads.

"Arise! You are free from illness. You are free from sin," he shouted, dramatically.

Legends claim that everyone touched by the unusual man was instantly cured by his "laying on of the hands." However, time has a way of exaggerating the curative powers of any healer.

Nevertheless, there is no doubt that the "Healer of the Sands" did perform many miraculous cures in the Sahara's isolated wastelands. In 1956, I met a wrinkled old man in Morocco who maintained the healer was a true "miracle man."

"When I was a small boy, I lived with my tribe in the desert and fell from a camel and broke my arm," related the elderly Arab. "My father gave me a bottle of wine, although it was against our religion. It was considered permissable for use in such accidents. The wound failed to respond to treatment and I cried with pain. The strange one, the healer, appeared at the edge of the campfire one night and asked if there were

sick people in the tribe. He stayed with me for two days. He used strange herbs and ceremonies each evening to cure my arm."

The Arab thrust forth his arm. "My arm has remained strong and true throughout all of the years since. Who was he? Some said he was a miracle man from Mecca, Allah's messenger. I heard once, in a place in Cairo, that he was a man who had offended the emperor of Germany and, due to politics, fled for his life and did penance for his crime in the desert." There are many stories about the Sahara healer and each conflicts with the other.

During the turmoil of World War I, the "Healer of the Sands" vanished from the Sahara. Some say he joined Lawrence of Arabia in the revolt against Feisal I and helped to defeat the Turks. Others say the shifting sands of the Sahara claimed the adventurous healer. Regardless of his ultimate end, the exotic career of the "Healer of the Sands" spanned two decades and brought relief to thousands of stricken Arabs. He will be remembered around Bedouin campfires forever and tales of his deeds continue to spread throughout the world.

HEALER OF THE BARBARY COAST

When gold was discovered in California in 1849, the isolated village of San Francisco was instantly overwhelmed by the arrival of thousands of gold rushers. The town was rapidly transformed into a rampaging, wide-open, overcrowded city where opportunists from throughout the world thronged the streets. Con men, harlots, gamblers, thieves and fast-talking bunco artists were quick to prey upon the miners.

"It was the most sinful city on the face of the earth," an old gold rusher recalled in later years.

Gambling dens, equipped with crooked wheels and

marked cards, flourished on a wide-open basis. Houses of prostitution offered girls of every age, race and skill. Noon-day banditry and night hold-ups were commonplace. Chinese opium dens touted their deadly pipes of devil's dreams to all comers and Tong wars splattered the streets with blood.

The only practice missing in San Francisco was medicine. When news of the gold strike spread to the Barbary Coast, physicians left their patients and grabbed a pick and shovel. Naturally, disease and illness of all types spread unchecked through the city. A minor accident, untreated, became a fatal wound.

Into this riproaring, vicious center of depravity appeared one of the nation's strangest healers. Tall, muscular, with a loose-jointed stride, he appeared in crowded Portsmouth Square plaza and pushed through the swinging doors of the El Dorado gambling hall. The stranger's face was thin, tinted with a slight Oriental cast. He wore an ankle-length monk's robe.

Pandemonium was practically a normal state at the El Dorado. The hardened customers had seen everything—except the sight of an odd, robed man walking calmly into their midst.

"Here's a new one!" shouted a drunken miner. "Let's give him a real gold field welcome."

The strange man stared at his opponent. "The Lord works miracles through these hands of mine," he announced, in perfect English. "The slightest touch can cure your ills—or deliver instantaneous death."

"You're just another crook," sneered the miner, moving closer. Suddenly, the healer's powerful hands gently touched the boisterous miner's back. The drunk slid to the floor—unconscious!

"He will awaken in a few minutes," the stranger assured the crowd. "I am here to cure, not kill. Are there any among you who need treatment?"

Several awed miners stepped over the unmoving body

of their companion. They formed a line.

". . . I got this leg twisted coming down the mountain the other day," the first miner said, seriously. "There ain't no doctors so I'll try whatever you're selling."

"I am an adept of an ancient Oriental order," replied the monk. "Fate has sent me here to heal. See these hands? See these fingers? The power of healing reposes within them." He stared directly into the miner's eyes. "Do you believe the touch of my hand can cure your leg?"

"I—I—I don't know. Maybe you can." The man removed his boot and raised his trouser leg. "Yeh. I believe. If you can put Charlie to sleep, you can do something with my leg."

"Do you believe that every man is a vessel of God, put on this earth to enjoy the wonders of the world?" the healer inquired.

"Yes sir."

"Then I will cure your leg." The healer's powerful hands tightened together, rubbed in a quickened circular motion. "I'm going to press my hands against your leg. Do not be shocked if you feel heat. Something hot and powerful will surge through your limb. It will be the healing power of the One above."

The miner stiffened as the strong, warmed hands pressed against the twisted muscles. His doubts disappeared instantly as a surge of heat prickled his skin. The healer's hands tightened around the muscles. His fingers twisted and tightened against the bruised flesh.

"I can feel it," cried the miner. "The pain is going away!"

"This is called laying on of the hands, my friend," explained the healer. Someone in the crowd whispered, "He speaks like an educated Englishman."

The healer turned. "Yes. I have studied medicine at the best academies in Europe. I stayed only a short

time at each because their practices are still immersed in darkness."

A moment later, a gambler stepped forward. He opened his shirt, exposing an ugly boil. "This will require herbs to relieve the pressure," explained the strange man. "You must see me tomorrow for a salve to lower the pressure on the area. Then, it must be opened and drained."

Even after the disgruntled victim of the healer's quick hands awoke from his stupor on the floor, the stranger continued to treat ailing people far into the night. One old, near toothless prostitute wandered in from the streets. She asked for "that feller to try and remove this thing on my neck." Her wrinkled hands pointed to a goiter.

"Do you believe?" the man asked. He rubbed his hands in the same manner.

"It's like hot coals going in there," swore the woman, when he touched her. Two days later, after several applications of salves, the goiter disappeared.

The mysterious "Healer of the Barbary Coast" opened a store-front office on the main thoroughfare and prescribed salves, herbs, strange concoctions and "laying on of the hands" to do his good work. Day and night, through sunshine or inclement weather, he treated all who asked for his aid. There was no charge for his services. Many patients left a "love offering" whenever they could afford it.

Historians generally believe the Barbary Coast healer had an unusual, perhaps advanced, knowledge of herb medicine. "He was capable of recognizing most of the native plants in California," one wrote. "He seemed very familiar with the properties of each one."

He continued the laying on of the hands in many cases. "You do not 'lay on the hands' when a person has a broken leg or a gunshot wound," the healer remarked. "The laying on of the hands is a forgotten art. Read

your Bible and discover the true secrets of these healing processes. It can be compared to a crackling spurt of cosmic energy."

Even today, many practitioners of the laying on of the hands insist a higher power transmits healing energy through their hands. Patients are vehement in belief that it is far more than the charlatan's cure for some psychomatic illness. "It is as if a bolt of lightning bursts out of the healer's hands and enters my body," one stricken cripple said. According to thousands of testimonies in the files of healers, in every country, some mysterious, unknown force is involved in the process.

The "Healer of the Barbary Coast" was typical of practitioners who employed trained healing hands. "Tell me what your illness is," he inquired. Once, he admitted to a journalist that the symptoms described by the patients were not always in accord with the true nature of their illness.

The Barbary Coast Healer was far advanced in his medical knowledge. He refused to allow any patient to be bled, insisting correctly that bleeding weakened an ailing person. He practiced for several years until reputable medical practitioners settled in San Francisco. "I am proud to see trained, intelligent doctors arriving here," he said, welcoming each new physician to the city.

The granddaughter of an early San Francisco physician has forwarded her pioneer ancestor's comments on the monk-robed healer. "Only once was I able to get close to him," the doctor wrote. "This occurred when a patient of mine did not respond to treatment. Together, the patient and I walked over to see the healer. He prescribed a herb tea, which cured my patient in a few hours.

"I asked him about sickness. He replied most of it was within the mind of the afflicted person. My 'Master'—as he called him—has said the fears of the mind are manifested in the physical body. Just as nature has

provided a disease, so has she provided a cure. He told me to look for the cures in the mountains, valleys and waters around San Francisco.

"I asked him for information on recipes for such cures. He replied: 'Each person must find out for himself. Only by meditation and thought do such things come.' "

Shortly after the arrival of several good physicians in the city, the mysterious Barbary Coast healer vanished from San Francisco. A similar healer, also clad in a monk's robe, appeared briefly during the early days of the Alaskan Gold Rush. Some think it may have been the same man.

Although his schooling was not complete, it is apparent from old records that the healer performed miracles and was far advanced of his medically trained colleagues.

ENGLAND'S FAMOUS FAITH HEALER

Harry Edwards, a hearty, gray-haired individual with a serene composure, is conceded to be the foremost faith healer in England today. He is a former president and co-founder of the mushrooming National Federation of Spiritual Healers. Edwards is also a very controversial personality whose alleged gifts have plagued the British Medical Association for years.

Edwards is the best known of the 5,000 faith healers who practice in the British Isles. He operates a clinic and treats more than ten thousand patients annually. The father of British faith healing also claims the ability to perform absent healing. Each year, 700,000 people from throughout the world write and ask for his aid.

Harry Edwards has always exhibited a deep interest in the occult and mystical aspects of life. "However, his ability to heal did not come until he attended a spiritualist's seance. The spirits of Lister and Pasteur

gifted him with the power to heal through supernatural means," an acquaintance reported. Edwards has been practicing for twenty-six years and expects to continue his work for many more years.

MOTHER MILLER'S MIRACLE MEDICINES

Even during the past century, "flower power" was powerful medicine. "Mother Miller's miracle medicine" was sold widely throughout the frontier and the tall, gaunt midwife became famous for her curative concoctions.

A thin, tired-looking woman who dressed in coarse clothing, Mother Miller traveled by wagon from town to town. She gathered herbs and flowers in the wild, unplowed prairie fields, blended the ingredients over a campfire and sold the medicine to isolated frontier families.

Mother Miller believed strongly in the healing power of flowers. "A few drops of essence of wild rose will cure a child of asthma," Mother Miller said. Often, she generously donated her medicine to a poor, poverty-stricken farm family.

Melancholy and mental depression was commonplace on the frontier. Isolated and alone, many farm wives missed the social life of eastern cities.

"There ain't nothing like a few drops of essence of gorse or minulus to make you feel better," Mother Miller advised. "It's almost as good as a trip home."

In her journal, which was donated to the author, are scores of "flower power" remedies. They include:

Saffron: "This is the deep orange-reddish one," Mother Miller wrote. "Make up a tea with a handful of fresh-picked leaves in a quart of water. It will bring out the eruptions in the early days of scarlet fever, measles

and the chicken-pox. If used as a gargle, it will cure a bad sore throat."

Wood Sorrel: "A poultice made of leaves will draw the poison from a sore."

Golden Thistle: "A handful of stems or leaves should be mixed with a pint of water. It is good for colic in little babies."

Sweet Flag: "A handful of leaves boiled down to bitters portions will perk up the appetite of sick people."

Mother Miller dispensed her recipes freely to frontier mothers. "I like to move along and see this great country," she laughed. "Just remember what I told you." Although she wrote carefully in an elaborate Spencerian script, few frontier families could read. Her recipes were passed along verbally and, until recently, were lost after Mother Miller died about 1885 along some unknown trail. Her fact-filled journal was given to me recently by a gentleman who found it in the ruins of a crumbling ghost town. It is a valuable contribution to American folk medicine.

MOTHER ANN'S SHAKER HEALINGS

"They're witches . . . a bunch of shaking fanatics . . . a gang of heretics!"

These and numerous other charges were hurled at a small group of religious dissenters in England in 1758. In the center of the controversy was 22-year-old Ann Lees, a frail young woman from a grubby Manchester mill town. She had transformed a normally sedate Quaker group into a rousing congregation. "They sang, danced, shouted, shook, spoke in unknown tongues, made prophecies and claimed all of the gifts of the Holy Ghost," a journalist wrote.

The "Shakers," as they were tagged, were a noisy congregation whose strange new worship bothered the

quiet Church of England. Stories of miracle healings, spirit-possession, uncontrollable shakings, prophetic signs and blasphemous worship were enough to bring out the mobs. The Shakers were beaten and imprisoned, and Ann Lees was expelled from the Church of England.

In 1774, "Mother Ann" led seven Shaker followers to the promised world of religious freedom in America. The initial Shaker settlement was started at Watervliet, N. Y., near Albany. The new faith grew rapidly. One of their most startling abilities was the claimed power to heal.

In July, 1780, Noah Wheaton dislocated his ankle and broke a bone in his leg. The New Lebanon, N. Y., man crawled home and refused medical attention for the injury. "I am a new convert to Shakerism and I believe firmly in the gift of miracles," he informed his solicitous, worried neighbors. Wheaton waited confidently for the power of divine healing to mend his injury.

On the evening of the second day, the Wheaton family and their neighbors were assembled in the farmhouse living room. A witness related, "Suddenly the power of God descended upon him. He was instantly tossed from his chair, stood on both legs and whirled like a child's top for two hours. I watched carefully and, at no time, did he display any sign of pain. When he retired to his chair again, his leg was completely and totally healed."

Sarah Kilbee, another Shaker convert, was born with a twisted foot and leg. One afternoon, Mother Ann bluntly informed Sarah to throw away her crutches. "Lean upon Christ," Mother Ann commanded. Again, eyewitnesses reported the withered leg and foot was instantly restored to normalcy. "It was a miracle," wrote a newspaper editor, who knew Miss Kilbee's condition before her healing.

Tales of the Shakers' "gift of healing" spread throughout America. Although she died in 1784, Mother Ann's

converts continued her work under her supposed "spiritual guidance." Shaker spiritualism came with the "Great Awakening" revival in New England. Religious fervor swept America and revitalized religious zeal moved to the wilderness areas. During the crowded Cane Ridge revivals in Kentucky, when thousands traveled to hear hell-and-damnation preachers, there were shakes, trances, barks, speaking in tongues and similar elements of Shakerism.

The Shakers were the first American Spiritual Church to practice healing. They seldom had more than 6,000 converts. They were the foundation of modern Spiritualism. Today, perhaps a hundred Shakers are scattered from Union Village, Ohio, to Sabbathday Lake, Maine. A few live in Hancock, Mass., and maintain a Shaker Village as a tourist attraction.

These remaining Shakers maintain files attesting to the many miracles wrought by Mother Ann and other Shakers in the heyday of their religion.

HIS HANDS BANISH DISEASE

He had never really intended to become a healer. Yet, only the hundreds who had been cured of some dreaded disease know the true powers within the hands of Albert Gorton. Quiet and soft spoken, Gorton graduated from college and accepted an executive position with a major corporation. A religious man, he attended church faithfully, met an attractive young woman, married and prepared for a contented life in an eastern city.

"The *charisma*—or gift—exhibited itself more than twenty years ago," Gorton said recently. "My wife developed a lump on her throat. It was diagnosed as cancer. A long series of treatments failed to effect a cure. I have always been a student of the Bible and

impressed by the ancient healing services during early Christianity."

One evening, Gorton held the cancerous lump in his fingers. He prayed fervently for God's healing power to remove the malignant growth. "I prayed for more than an hour," Gordon recalled. "Suddenly, a surge of warmth spread through my body. The power flowed into my fingers. Instantaneously, the lump disappeared. My wife has been a healthy, disease-free person since that time."

Mrs. Gorton's physician was visibly shocked to discover the condition had been removed. "I was even more astonished when Albert told of how the cure was effected," the doctor related. News of Gorton's healing powers spread quickly when the doctor lectured on the case at a convention of a medical society.

Since that time, Gorton has quietly helped those who seek his healing power. "Unlike many faith healers, he refuses to accept payment for his services," a physician commented.

For several years, Gorton has worked closely with ministers in his community in holding weekly healing services. Doctors, psychiatrists and ministers have been favorably impressed with the results. "There is a screening process whereby we make certain that everyone in need of medical attention is under the care of a physician," Gorton explained, puffing on a battered old pipe. The ministers also counsel and direct the sick toward spiritual serenity.

"We screen people to make certain our healing efforts are in conjunction with proper medical treatment and not a replacement," said a participating minister.

Many of the healings require considerable time. "Some take months, even years," Gorton stated. A young child was paralyzed in a playground accident. Medical treatment and surgery failed to heal the girl. Following two years of 'laying on of the hands' and prayer, the child recovered completely. She is now attending col-

lege and excels in strenuous athletics such as tennis.

"Many people have the power to heal, although they may not be aware of it," Gorton said. "I believe it is a spiritual gift which can be developed."

He named several healers of the past. "Who can explain the undisputed healing gifts of Edgar Cayce?" he asked.

Gorton has continued his work as an executive and his spare time is spent in healing. "I have never charged for healing," he said. "Many times there have been gifts delivered from grateful people. We always return them. I believe that commercializing or cashing in on the power to heal would destroy the gift."

Gorton makes no claims of "miracles" in his healings. "Many turn to spiritual healing as a last gasp of desperation," he explained. "We insist they continue treatments with their physicians. Many of our gradual healings are due to the serenity of prayer, time, and competent medical treatment."

Modest, shunning publicity for his healing powers, Albert Gorton continues his unusual curative efforts.

ANDREW DAVIS—AMERICA'S MIRACLE HEALER

"I thought we were going to see a rousing good show," a man in the crowded town hall whispered to his wife. "This Andrew J. Davis looks more like a banker than a hypnotist."

"Ssh! Watch this man perform his miracles," his wife whispered. "Sadie Johnson saw him over at Columbus. She said he cured a man who couldn't walk."

"Sounds like silly woman's talk," replied the husband, settling back in his stiff chair.

The audience listened carefully as Andrew J. Davis, billed as "The Poughkeepsie Seer," lectured on hypnotism, strange forces and "masters" who guided him

toward his work as a physical and mental healer. With true Yankee puritanism, he condemned the subtle poison of tobacco and the injurious use of alcohol.

Davis completed his speech. His blazing eyes searched the audience. He looked like an Old Testament prophet dressed up in Little Lord Fauntleroy clothes.

"Are there any among you who wish to be healed?"

The audience watched attentively as a thin, gaunt woman nervously approached the healer. Her limp left arm was twisted into a gnarled limb, ending in a claw-like fist. Andrew J. Davis talked quietly with the woman, whispering; the crowd strained to hear. Finally, the woman extended her twisted arm. She stared directly into the healer's intense eyes. Silence hung over the room as the woman drifted into a deep trance.

"Move your arm," Davis commanded. The twisted limb raised slowly.

"Open your hand," he ordered. The fingers hesitantly, then quickly, spread like an opening flower. After she came out of her trance, the woman could use her once lifeless limb.

"Oh Lord! I'm cured," she shouted. Happiness rang in her cry.

The middle of the nineteenth century was a time of sensationalism and America longed for new thrills. It was a historical era when young men marched westward to expand the nation. However, the distraught friends of young Andrew Davis in Poughkeepsie, New York, were perplexed by his pronouncements.

"I have a destiny!" he insisted.

"How do you know?" a friend asked.

"The voices tell me so," Davis answered. "I hear voices all of the time."

Many of his friends were horrified of his belief in spiritualism, mediumship and hypnotism. Nevertheless, Davis continued to enter self-imposed hypnotic trances.

On March 6, 1844, he encountered "two Guides whom the Almighty has placed at my disposal." The guides were supposedly the spirits of Galen, the ancient healer, and Emanuel Swedenborg, the Swedish scientist, philosopher and theologian.

By the time he reached his middle twenties, the name of Andrew Davis had spread throughout the land. He hop-scotched from town to town, lecturing on his "Divine Science" and ranting against overindulgence, tobacco, alcohol, coffee, tea and other stimulants. He refused to exploit his alleged gifts for goggled-eyed thrill seekers who sought excitement at seances and other spooky demonstrations of spiritualism.

Andrew Jackson Davis viewed the human race as a cosmos, a whole. "Each man is an individual. Each person must obey the dictates of his own reason. When a man's soul is self-harmonized, the spirit world is revealed to him," he told lecture audiences. "Man is a microcosm. Yet all things are contained within him . . . there is a Vision of Perpetual Peace, based upon the theory of the Divine Mind, the structure of the Universe, and the elements of the Human Mind. Man possesses to a finite degree, the attributes of the Infinite; Man is a microcosm or universe in miniature. Therefore, all arts, sciences, philosophies, theologies, etc., have their seat or germ in the living Human Soul."

It was heady, deep thought for the average listener. Many were staggered in attempting to follow his thoughts.

During a trance state he delivered a series of lectures entitled "Nature's Divine Revelations." He published, continued to heal, procured a degree in medicine and wrote thirty volumes, scores of pamphlets and hundreds of articles.

The Great Harmonica was his "most magnificent work," as he called it. The five volumes were entitled *The Physician, The Teacher, The Seer, The Reformer and*

The Thinker. "At first I had to have spirit guidance to enable me to write," he informed his followers. "Later, I became master of my own prose." Regardless of the direction, his works were frequently saturated with long, purple verbiage that left the readers gasping for further explanations.

Throughout his career, he remained essentially a spiritualist and healer. In some cases Davis placed his hands upon an ailing person. "Such 'laying on of the hands' is only effective when the patient's mind is receptive," he declared.

Davis claimed little credit for his healing powers. Nevertheless, anxious patients journeyed to his New England offices from throughout the world. In an era long before Freud, he declared the mind often shackled the body. "The mind is the ruler of the body," he said, a pioneering phrase that called attention to psychosomatic illnesses.

Andrew Jackson Davis believed heartily in the creative power of a responsible individual. "Don't be confined by the diabolical chains of prejudice against anyone or anything," he proclaimed to patients. "The well-balanced mind can see broadly and more comprehensively into the constitution of human nature. Such minds see that no truth is dangerous, that no error is safe.

"These minds perceive the most cheering view of death in an additional joy to the possession of that life they now live. They do not surrender themselves to idleness and do not adopt a life of vanity . . . whenever you perceive and feel a *principle of truth* you are freed from all fear, superstition and illness."

Eventually, the remarkable healer settled in Boston. He opened a small bookshop and specialized in occult books. He also sold herb medicines to his patients and continued his healing until he died in 1910 at the age of eighty-four.

PHINEAS QUIMBY'S HYPNOTIC HEALING

A clockmaker, tinkerer and sometimes inventor, Phineas Parkhurst Quimby possessed an intense interest in medicine and the power of the mind. Hypnotism was in its heyday during the middle of the nineteenth century and Quimby was the first in line to purchase a ticket to traveling demonstrations of "animal magnetism," "hypnotism" or "mesmerism."

The Maine pioneer of mind cure first experimented with diagnosis of illness while he was in a trance state. He prescribed drugs for his patients. The results were not always satisfactory. Rather than blame his ability, Quimby decided drugs were the real villain.

"I discovered that mind healing through the power of suggestion was capable of curing anyone of anything," he declared. It was necessary to obtain total confidence of the patient. "Then, I helped patients apply the healing ability of their mind upon the ailment." The bearded mind healer seldom charged for his services. He lived a quiet, simple life and was known as a calm, gentle man.

In 1862, a Mrs. Patterson of Portland, Maine, sought Quimby's aid after years of insufferable pain and frequent fits. Quimby talked soothingly to the woman. An immediate cure occurred. Later, the woman known as Mary Baker Eddy became the founder of the Christian Science Church.

Although he died on January 16, 1866, Quimby's quiet experimentation into the healing power of the mind triggered a virtual onslaught of "mind cure" medical techniques. Mrs. Eddy established the Christian Science Church. Others developed "New Thought" healing methods and "Metaphysical Medicine." Quimby's influence can still be seen in today's belief in positive thinking, various cults in California and several religions.

SLEEPING HEALER OF THE ELEVENTH CENTURY

One of the strangest talents on earth is the ability of "sleeping healers" to diagnose and accurately prescribe medication, frequently for persons thousands of miles away. Edgar Cayce was the most recent of these "sleeping healers" to confound scientists. There have been several with this power down through the ages.

Perhaps one of the first was a boy called Ernst the Healer, who lived in medieval Germany during the eleventh century. When he was eight years old, Ernst was stricken with frequent epileptic-like seizures. For days afterward, he was afflicted with sharp, stabbing pains in his head. These painful attacks puzzled the doctors, midwives and witches. None could diagnose or alleviate the child's suffering.

As he grew toward manhood, Ernst's attacks lengthened. He fell into deep, trance-like comas. Solicitous neighbors did what precious little they could for the child and his distraught parents. At length, a priest arrived to say last rites over the "sleeping" youth.

"He seems to be whispering something," the priest interrupted the rites. He placed his ear close to the boy's lips, then blurted: "He wants a quill and ink!"

"Preposterous! Ernst cannot write," said the father, visibly shaken.

Still in the trance state, Ernst informed the priest and others by a form of automatic writing that he was quite healthy in his trance state. ". . . I am not possessed by demons but have the power to travel great distances and go inside the bodies of others and see their own illnesses," he scribbled.

Although he was timid, illiterate and often unable to leave his room in the small hut, Ernst became known as "the sleeping saint." His ability to cure through some

unknown power got around quickly. The boy's services were much in demand by both peasants and noblemen. He diagnosed and made strange, often unusual prescriptions, for more than six hundred persons in a single week. Most recovered from their maladies, if we are to believe old legends. He stopped only when the sharp, intense pain broke his trance and he awakened.

Officials of the church, men of science and alchemists tested the "sleeping healer." Naturally, some believed the youth was a clever fraud and hoped to expose him. Others, particularly several notable alchemists, tried to determine how he performed the miraculous deeds.

"Beyond his seizures and head pains, there is no significant change from any other illiterate youth," wrote one. Nevertheless, in the trance state, Ernst conversed intelligently in several Germanic dialects, discoursed in Latin and revealed an uncanny knowledge of herbs and medicine.

Somehow, the boy apparently acted as an instrument for some unknown spirit or power. His unusual ability continued until he approached his eighteenth birthday. It was then that the spirit inside wrote: "I leave you now and go to others. Farewell, Ernst. Live in good health."

The attacks ceased and the seizures stopped. Ernst, one of the strangest healers of the ages, became just another uneducated peasant. History records that the youth married, worked as a farmhand and raised a large family. The healing spirit never appeared again.

HE HEALS THROUGH SPIRITUALISM

George Chapman, a former fireman, is one of the most controversial healers in England. Since he accidently laid his hand on an elderly gentleman in 1946 and supposedly cured the man of arthritis, Chapman and his

followers have made astounding claims for his ability to heal.

Dressed in surgical white, said to be guided by the reincarnated spirit of a dead doctor, Chapman operates a clinic in a rambling building in Aylesbury, England. He operates through the powers of mediumship. Chapman must be in a deep trance before healings can be performed. Observers state that Chapman's personality disappears during these trances.

"He is taken over by his spirit guide, Dr. William Lang," said a patient, who claimed to be cured of leukemia. "Dr. Lang passed away on July 13, 1937, and manifests his knowledge through George Chapman's mediumship."

A member of the British Royal College of Surgeons, Dr. K. L. Singer, studied under Dr. Lang. "When I entered the clinic for the first time I was greeted by my old friend, although I saw the body of George Chapman," Dr. Singer related. Several psychic researchers have attempted unsuccessfully to expose the healing spiritualist.

Scores of persons, including members of parliament, claim to have been cured by the alleged powers manifested through George Chapman. Until a scientific and thorough study of Chapman and his followers can be made, his spiritual mediumship must remain one of the mysteries of faith healing.

DID A REINCARNATED DOCTOR GUIDE HER HEALING?

A strange woman by the name of Maude Lord Drake was one of the past century's most incredible healers. She was also considered a gifted clairvoyant and medium. Her clients included such notables as Presidents Ulysses S. Grant and Chester A. Arthur, rail-car manu-

facturer George Pullman and Leland Stanford, founder of Stanford University.

Born of illiterate parents in Marion County, Virginia, in 1852, Maude Bannock was a problem to her parents. "She does strange things and is possessed by demons," claimed her father, Phillip Bannock, a church deacon.

During a childhood accident, Maude Bannock was severely scalded by a tub of lye water. The six-year-old girl was near death until the manifestation of a long-dead "Dr. DeHaven" wrote out a prescription in Latin for the mystified local physician, Dr. Edson Woodruff.

Later, Dr. Woodruff studied the handwriting on the prescription. "I studied with a Dr. DeHaven and learned medicine under him," he declared. "This is definitely his handwriting."

Under the control of the supposed spirit of the deceased doctor, Maude Lord Drake became internationally famous as a healer. When she died in 1901, her files were crammed with affidavits from medical doctors who had brought their own patients to her healing seances. These notarized statements attest to the remarkable powers of her healing ability.

DOES HE HEAL THROUGH ESP?

They were in Chicago during the height of the winter season, and Charles and Edith Doyle visited the windy city's many tourist attractions. They wandered through the museums and art gallerys. They attended several stage shows, sampled the gourmet foods at the famous restaurants, walked through Old Town and gazed at the strangely-garbed hippies.

After a week, Charles Doyle knew he must return to his business in a small, southern Kentucky town. The couple packed, called the garage for their car and checked out of the hotel.

"Be careful of the roads, sir," a bellboy advised, loading their luggage into their new car. He gratefully accepted a $2 tip. "The streets are still very icy in many spots."

Charles Doyle carefully edged his car onto the icy pavement of Michigan Boulevard. "You might as well relax," he informed his wife. "It's going to be a slow trip home."

As he inched the automobile through the heavy Chicago traffic, Charles Doyle also concentrated on the throngs of Christmas shoppers.

Too late, he heard his wife's shrill scream. "Charles! That truck . . . watch. . . ."

The Kentucky businessman twisted the wheel viciously, panicked and then slammed hard onto the power brake pedal. There was a brief moment of stomach-twisting panic. He felt a tight constriction in his throat. There was the noise of crunching metal. The next thing he heard was the throbbing siren of an emergency ambulance. He was going to a hospital. "What about Edith?" he inquired, blood gushing from his mouth. He pressed his tongue against his teeth. Several were loose, moving in their sockets.

"Take it easy," advised the ambulance intern. "She's in another ambulance and on her way to the hospital."

Charles Doyle drifted into blackness again.

Two hours later, he awoke between the starched sheets of a hospital bed. His nostrils were assailed by the smell of ether and medicines.

A tall, hawk-nosed man in a white smock-coat stood over the Kentuckian.

"What about my wife?" Doyle whispered to him.

"She's still in the operating room," the intern said. "You suffered a few cuts and bruises. Nothing serious. You'll be all right in a few days. I won't kid you. Your wife is serious. She may not live." The intern handed Doyle a cigarette and then lit it.

When Edith Doyle left the operating room, she was placed under constant nursing attention by the doctors. A burning fever raged within her body. X-rays had revealed possible brain damage.

In his own room, Charles Doyle tossed and twisted through the night. Despite his aches and pains, he had telephoned relatives and gone through the preliminaries that follow every automobile accident. His mind flitted to those happy moments during his marriage. There must be something he could do to help his wife in this time of crisis.

Suddenly, he thought of R. C. "Doc" Anderson, generally known as "the Georgia Seer." "Doc" Anderson was famed throughout the land for his ability to predict the future. He had an impressive record of predictions that had been publicized prior to the occurrence of the actual event. Would it be possible that this man with these unusual powers could, in some way, help Mrs. Doyle in this dangerous moment?

It was a few minutes before the long distance telephone operator located the Rossville, Georgia, residence of "Doc" Anderson. Immediately, Charles Doyle was heartened by the calm, soothing southern drawl of the seer. Doyle explained his situation.

"I am happy to help you in any way possible," Doc Anderson replied.

"Will my wife recover from her illness?" Doyle asked, bluntly.

There was a pause at the other end of the line. "I see a tall, blonde woman in a hospital room," replied Doc Anderson. "I see a period of crisis and then she will recover."

Doyle nodded. "I've heard you are capable of performing absent healing," he said. "Would you help my wife?"

The Georgia Seer paused. "Mr. Doyle, I make absolutely no claims to powers of healing. I have been gifted

by God with an ability to see the future. This is a gift I have had from early childhood. I do not claim any healing ability."

"But I've heard stories of people who were saved from a disease," Doyle persisted. "They say you have the ability to cure. I'll pay anything you wish if you will cure my wife." The man's voice broke.

"My friend, I will pray for your wife," Doc Anderson said. "The power of prayer is the strongest force known to mankind. I will pray through tonight and I want you to pray. And as for payments, there is no charge."

A few weeks ago I sat in a comfortable living room in a small Kentucky town and listened to a bright, alert Edith Doyle tell her story.

"The last thing I remember was screaming at Charles," she said. "Then there was a big blackness. Like a dark, stormy night without stars. I gained consciousness sometime during the night. I heard the nurses talking about brain damage. One said I was not expected to live. I began to pray. Of course, at that time I did not know that Doc Anderson and my husband were also praying."

Near dawn, Edith Doyle swears she felt a presence in the room. "There was someone walking softly across the room," she said. "I heard the rustle of sheets as if someone approached the bed. Then, I felt a coolness spread across my feverish forehead. Instantly, the pain within my head ceased. I felt at ease. It was as if a cooling force had spread through my body. By morning, the doctors said my condition had changed. 'It's a miracle,' the brain specialist said."

"Who do you feel is responsible for your healing cure?"

Edith Doyle smiled. "Doc Anderson. Although he won't admit it, I believe he has the gift of absent healing. I feel his spirit was with me in that hospital room

in Chicago. Since then, whenever we have illness or trouble in our family we turn to him for advice and guidance."

Doc Anderson is much more cautious in claiming curative powers. "I make absolutely no claims in the case of Edith Doyle or any other persons who claim I have healed them. The power of prayer is indeed miraculous and there are many things beyond our present understanding."

What of those who persist in attributing their relief of ailments and disease to his curative ability? "I have talked with more than a dozen people who claim they were near death, wrote you for healing and are now well. What about those people?" I asked.

Doc Anderson nodded seriously. "My friend, when someone writes me for advice on matters of health I feel it is my duty to direct him to a competent medical doctor. I will pray for him, I will use this gift of extrasensory perception to help him in any way possible. However, it is only offered as one individual praying for another.

"The person who claims total power to heal or cure any ailment or sickness is a charlatan and a fraud," Doc Anderson cautioned. "During my travels throughout the world I have heard and seen many supposed healings and cures. Hundreds of people attribute this power to me. Nevertheless, it is an *inexact* process. We do not know why one person may be cured at Lourdes, while another remains afflicted with his illness. Until we do, we must rely on medical doctors and their high degree of professional skill."

Despite his protests against absent healing, each mail brings letters from dozens of people throughout the world. Doc Anderson's files at his office at 302 West Gordon Avenue are filled with letters of appreciation

from people who claim they were cured by absent healing. Most enclosed a self-addressed return envelope asking for a reply signifying the famed Georgia Seer is praying for them.

The reluctant seer professes no special ability. Apparently, in some mysterious manner, people who ask for help are often aided toward recovery.

THE CURES OF EDGAR CAYCE

The late Edgar Cayce, who has been considered by many to be one of the world's foremost psychics, was also known as an extremely practical and effective healer. In recent years, several books have chronicled the amazing career of this incredible man.

When he entered a self-induced sleep-like trance at his home in Virginia Beach, Virginia, Cayce seemed capable of diagnosing the maladies of persons who were frequently a thousand miles away. Distance presented no deterrent to his diagnostic skills. After an inspection of the patient's body, possibly through some form of astral projection, Cayce prescribed for his clients. Frequently, his somnolent prescriptions were ancient herbal remedies. At other times they were unusual mixtures of ingredients unrecognized by the medical profession.

"Despite much official criticism, his cures worked," a client reported. Thousands of people sought his phenomenal talents in an effort to alleviate their suffering. Goiters, ulcers, polio, malignant body growths, absesses, sores, baldness, skin disorders and other maladies responded to these rare, sometimes bizarre, medications. Many illnesses that had baffled the medical profession were cured quickly after application of Cayce's psychic formulas.

"In both his waking and sleeping state, Edgar Cayce was an ardent believer in correct diet as a protection

against illness," a woman from Madison, Wisconsin, reported recently. She consulted Cayce on several occasions and vigorously followed his instructions. Her ailment was cured in every case.

"Cayce considered the body as a total unit, whereby one organ with a malfunction might create a disturbance in another part of the body," she said. "He also stressed in his readings for me that proper diet, plenty of exercise and a balanced, stable mind were the best deterrents against all forms of disease."

America's pudgy, overweight millions who follow faddish diets will be intensely interested in the Virginia Beach psychic's advice on dieting. Cayce suggested a weight-loss diet based on raw apples. He stated that raw apples flushed water and fluids from the body. This diet was to be supplemented by a spoonful or two of pure olive oil each night for cleanliness.

A young, slightly overweight coed recently embarked on this unusual diet. "I ate nothing but apples for three days and lost eight pounds," she reported. "Whenever I became hungry I just ate another apple. I took a tablespoonful of olive oil each evening as directed. The only addition was my daily vitamin pill. Now that I have slimmed down to my correct weight I use another Cayce diet technique. He advised persons with a weight problem to drink a small glass of natural grape juice before each meal. This seems to satisfy my natural desire for sweet foods and desserts."

Completing a reading for an asthmatic man, Cayce suggested these ingredients be prepared into an inhalent.

Four ounces of 190 proof grain alcohol
20 drops of oil of eucalyptus
10 drops of benzol
40 drops of tolu
5 drops of tincture of benzoin.

Mix well and store in a glass container at least

twice the size of the solution. Shake thoroughly before using. Inhale deeply three times daily.

A studious young man sought Cayce's advice on a method of improving his poor vision. "He suggested a series of repetitive Yoga-type exercises," said the man, now seventy. "I sit erect, then move the head forward, backward and to the right and left three times in each direction. Next, I revolve my head in each direction for three times."

The exercises were performed slowly. "I discarded my glasses after six months. I have never needed them since," said the elderly gentleman. "I read several hours each day and have excellent vision. However, I should caution anyone that it requires daily exercise for several weeks, sometimes months, before there is any notable improvement. It is a gradual process of strengthening your vision."

Other Cayce "cures" can be obtained by reading several of the books on the unusual psychic.

DR. JOHN: AMERICA'S VOODOO KING

The enigma of voodoo has been one of the most consistent mysteries of the world. Voodoo is evil. A *gris-gris* image will suck the marrow from the victim's bones. Voodoo is good. A tiny shell wrapped in human hair will attract a young, handsome husband for a shy, pudgy maiden. Voodoo is a healing rite. Natives still dance in orgiastic trances around flaring bonfires, invoking the spirits of strange gods to heal the afflicted.

Whether a real or imaginary form of cultish faith healing, voodoo is the religious and medical belief of millions of people today.

One of the most important voodoo healers in America's history of the black art was Dr. John, a huge, scar-faced

man whose real name was Jolen Montanet. In New Orleans, during the days before the Civil War, Dr. John's hypnotic voice boomed in every corner of the city.

"My father was a Sengelese king and I was the prince who would rule my people," he announced, dramatically. "As a child I was kidnapped by cruel Spanish slavers and sold to a wealthy Cuban plantation owner. I became the most famous chef in all of the islands and eventually won my freedom.

"I practiced voodoo in Cuba," he continued. "I knew there must be other men throughout the world known for their healing powers. I became a sailor for several years and visited many strange lands. I talked to the priests, shamens and witch doctors. We exchanged secrets."

When Dr. John settled in New Orleans during the 1830s, it was a cosmopolitan city composed of every race and color. Squirrel-capped, superstitious mountain men mingled with fur traders; celebrating cowboys met dons from Spain. France, England and a half dozen other countries were represented in our nation's first international city. Based on his supposed powers of healing, Dr. John became the leading "voodoo man" in the city. It was a powerful, influential position.

"He was inclined to forego the wild dances and midnight rituals," a historian detailed. "Instead, he dispensed charms, love potions, strange powders, and unknown powders or liquids in bags and bottles. He practiced in a room dimly-lit, even at high noon. The voodoo man's powers were on display in the room, a horrible collection of stuffed reptiles, human skulls and live scorpions; a grisly human skeleton dangled from the ceiling of a dark corner."

Scores of wide-eyed natives filed through his office each day, seeking relief for suffering or requesting his aid in lifting another witch doctor's curse.

"Although he may have been a humbug, he even had

a considerable following in the rich, influential white society of New Orleans," the historian stated. "Often, when doctors were unable to cure an ailment, a wealthy man paid dearly for some strange potion of Dr. John's." Quite frequently, these potions healed or eased the patient toward recovery.

As his fortune increased, the black Cagliostro built a mansion and filled the rooms with female slaves he purchased at the slave auction. "He lived like an emperor," the accounts from newspapers of that time indicated. "He has many concubines and 15 wives." Dr. John fathered 60 children.

When it came to money, it was "easy come, easy go" for the Sengelese sorcerer. When he led his entourage through the best bistros of New Orleans, he generously tossed gold coins to beggars. An illiterate man who did not trust banks, the scar-faced voodoo king often had as much as $250,000 buried on his mansion grounds.

Many clients were quite prominent. "He treated Jim Bowie, Andrew (Old Hickory) Jackson and Sam Houston, the frontier hero and first president of the Texas Republic," one magazine related.

More than once, New Orleans courtrooms buzzed with excitement when Dr. John was sued for creating a curse. Law enforcement officials were amazed when witnesses testified Dr. John was capable of creating showers of supernatural stones. "These were apparently curses of some type of poltergeist activity," a parapsychologist reported later.

Court records reveal that the slaves of one Samuel Wilson gave Dr. John a sum of $62 to stop a shower of flying rocks on the Wilson plantation. The planter sued, and recovered, the $62 from the voodoo king. According to the *Daily Delta* of October 21, 1867, the front porch of the Wilson mansion was assaulted by bouncing boulders that "seemed to come from nowhere." The onslaught started immediately after the angry planata-

tion owner won the lawsuit. Legend says the plantation was haunted by these mysterious manifestations until the slave owner made peace with the voodoo king.

As the voodoo king aged, he lost his fortunes. Several of his wives stole his buried hordes of gold coins. Friends promised to invest his money for him. They disappeared. A young Negro taught the old voodoo king to sign his name—on the bottom of a blank sheet of paper. This cost him the Bayou Road mansion and all of his property. He had to move in with his children. He never recovered from the psychological effects of instant pauperism.

"In the death of John Montanet, or Dr. John, at the age of 100 years, the most extraordinary African in New Orleans was lost," wrote Lafcadia Hearn. "He was in many ways a humbug yet he may have believed sincerely in the efficacy of certain rites of his own. He stated he had a Master he was bound to obey; that he could read the will of his Master in the twinkling of the stars. Often, on a clear night, the neighbors used to watch him standing alone, pulling his woolly beard and talking in an unknown language to some invisible being."

Whether he was a healer of extraordinary powers or a spell-binding con man with a canny sales pitch, America will never again see another voodoo king of such powerful influence.

THE STRANGE LIFE OF FRANZ MESMER

King Louis XVI was content. A shy, phlegmatic monarch, he was happiest when hunting on the royal animal preserves or puttering in his well-equipped locksmith's workshop. It was common knowledge in France the slow-witted king would have made a better burglar than a Bourbon ruler.

King Louis was disassembling an intricate lock one evening when the queen, pleasure-loving Marie Antoinette, entered his workshop. "Stop fiddling with those infernal locks," the queen demanded. "You're supposed to accompany me to see a new demonstration by the master of animal magnetism. We're expected in another hour."

The king stared stupidly. "What is it this time?"

"The gentleman is a Viennese physician named Franz Anton Mesmer." The queen scowled. "I told you about him last week but you never listen. He is a graduate of the medical school in Vienna and claims to have discovered animal magnetism, which is an invisible universal fluid which the cosmic extends to every section of the human body."

"He sounds like a quack," replied the king.

"Charlatan or genius? What difference does it make?" answered the queen. "He puts on a good show."

An hour later, the excited queen and her reluctant king entered a salon where the elite of Parisian society had gathered. The room was heavily curtained. A large, wooden tub sat in the center of the room.

A baron peered through the darkness at his companion. "Are we having another stupid spiritualist seance or does this fellow have something?"

"At least it beats the same dull conversation with the ladies," replied the companion.

The tub was an unusual device. It was half filled with water and magnetized iron filings. A network of iron rods thrust upward through the wooden cover.

A dirge-like tune echoed through the vast room. On this musical cue, Franz Anton Mesmer dramatically entered the darkened room. He was dressed in a white, flowing robe. Moving with an even step, Mesmer passed among his guests and stared intently into their eyes. Following this unnerving stare, Mesmer

touched each person lightly on the forehead and then held a thin, magnetized wand over their bodies.

After this ritual, he spoke: "The connection of man and the universe is identical to the attraction of iron filings to a magnet. Disease is because of an imbalance in a universal fluid. A cure can be created when the invalid is brought into contact with the source of this cosmic power."

"How do you know this animal magnetism works?" the king inquired.

"Man is a bipolar individual," explained Mesmer. "The magnet is the only instrument to convey the cosmic powers to a patient. As your charming queen knows, I gave up an extensive practice in Vienna to come to Paris." Mesmer's first treatments in Vienna had indeed been impressive. Thousands of Europeans flocked to his clinics. At first he had been ignored by the established Vienna medical circles. When his practice skyrocketed, the disinterested medical practitioners launched a campaign against his magnetic healing. In 1778, Mesmer moved to Paris.

As the evening progressed, Mesmer allowed each guest to approach his magnetized tub. Gathered around the instrument, the patients were requested to place the iron rod against the affected parts of their bodies. Many later swore the hot-eyed Viennese healer had accomplished miracles with his magnetic healing.

Whatever royalty has, the poor clamor to obtain. Public demand for healing by animal magnetism swept Paris. Mesmer opened several clinics in various sections of the city; he trained attendants to treat the patients who flocked to this new form of healing. "Undoubtedly, there was considerable charlatanry involved in his methods," a medical historian wrote recently. "However, Mesmer was undoubtedly practicing a primitive form of hypnotism."

During the warm weather months, Mesmer presided

over healing ceremonies along "magnetized" rivers or in "magnetized" meadows. Impressive rituals beguiled innocent Parisian maidens. Most of the women fell into a "magnetic sleep," which was undoubtedly a somnolent hypnotic trance, and claimed they awoke healed. All of his female patients boasted of a feeling of well-being after the experience, which led to a theory in the royal court that something more than magnetism was involved in these summer outings.

Eventually, his showmanship and pagan picnics led to a hostile outcry by Parisian medical societies. The physicians pressured jurists and succeeded in stopping Mesmer's practice.

"Mesmer—not Medicine," clamored the mobs, running through the streets in riotous defense of their magnetic healer.

King Louis XVI appointed a Royal Commission to study Mesmer's claims. The investigation was restricted to whether "animal magnetism" actually existed and the commission reported there was no such animal. "Mesmer's cures are due entirely to the patient's imagination," the Committee reported. Among the commission members was the famed chemist, Lavoisier, the astronomer, Bailly, and one of the leading scientific-politico personalities of the era, Benjamin Franklin.

Shocked by the wholesale condemnation of his practices, Mesmer withdrew from public life. He lived in relative obscurity until his death in 1815.

The theory of animal magnetism survived its founder and eventually evolved into modern hypnotic techniques.

HE CURED BY ASTRAL PROJECTION

The world-wide economic depression in the early nineteen thirties brought incredible poverty, severe hardships and terrible starvation to the beleaguered millions

in India. Even in the best of times, these poor people had been forced to exist at a scant level above starvation. The stock market collapse in foreign countries reenforced their hardships.

As in every time of turmoil and change, there were flaming rumors that swept through the countryside. Millions looked to the large cities for hope and opportunity.

"There are jobs for everyone in Calcutta," went a familiar rumor.

"I met a man who has a cousin in Bombay. The British are feeding everyone there."

"Go east. There is work out there for everyone . . ."

"Go south. The maharajahs provide soup and bread twice daily."

Heartened by these hopeless untruths, possibly irrational from their meager diet, millions of people sold their meager possessions and prepared to leave their home villages. They swarmed into the cities like huge armies, searching for food, a job and security. They were disappointed, for the rumormongers in the crowded bazaars were touting the small villages and farms as the place to live during the depression.

The frightened people crowded into squalid slums. Families shared a room with several other families and from a dozen to twenty people might be crowded into a single room or mud hut. These were the fortunate ones. Others lived in the streets, slept on the sidewalks and used the gutters for bathrooms.

Under these crowded, unsanitary conditions the millions of India were susceptible to epidemics of disease, illness and sickness. Weak from hunger, suffering from exposure, often near starvation, they were easy prey to all types of disease.

In India, during those dark days, there was also the factor of psychosomatic illness. Many of the symptoms of any disease can be influenced by the nervous system

or the mind working on the body. Dyspepsia, fatigue and jaundice have been known to be counterfeited by mental irritation or depression; fear will create palpitations of the heart.

Regardless of the form of their illnesses, physical or mentally created, the Indians seldom could afford adequate medical care. Charity hospitals were overcrowded. Faith healing has always been a important part of the Oriental and Eastern religions and it became a form of "medicare" in India during the thirties.

Spiritualists, holy men called "fakirs," purveyors of patent medicine and snake handlers stood ready to apply their claimed curative powers for the millions.

One of the most famous of these was Jacob of Calcutta, a mysterious man who opened a faith-healing temple in Calcutta's slums at the height of the depression. In retrospect, many of the claims for healing by this man are truly phenomenal. There are "old India hands" alive in England, veterans of the Queen's army in the Orient, who swear Jacob was "undoubtedly the greatest of all Holy Men."

"He was a tall, pudgy man with a white beard that contrasted against his dark skin," wrote an English newspaper reporter who interviewed Jacob of Calcutta in 1936. "He wore the traditional monastery robe of the Tibetan monks. He claimed to have studied with the Masters of a secret Tibetan order, hidden deep within the Himalayan mountains."

Jacob of Calcutta would stand outside his office each morning and face the long lines of people who sought ministration for their ailments. He practiced a form of "laying on of the hands," an old Christian faith healing ritual. The line would move forward. Jacob would listen intently to the complaints of the individual standing meekly before him.

At the end of the recitation, Jacob of Calcutta would look directly into the eyes of his patient. "Do

you believe I can cure you?" he would ask dramatically.

"Yes."

"Do you believe in the power of God in my touch?"

"Yes."

Jacob of Calcutta would raise his arms in a dramatic movement and place his hands on the affected person. "Heal! Be healed!" he would command in an authoritative voice. "Demons, devils and disease disappear from this body. Heal!"

There were no fees for anyone who approached Jacob of Calcutta. After the dramatic "laying on of the hands," the patient was free to leave. If he desired, a coin could be dropped in a small box near the entrance to the healing temple.

According to Jacob, he was born in Baghdad and, while a child, was captured by an unscrupulous slave-trader. He was sold to the owner of a plantation in Persia and escaped after walking through an arid desert and crossing several rugged mountains. From there, he wandered through the Orient for several years and studied "the secret of the ages" under fakirs, monks and "Masters."

"He was a remarkable man," said Dr. James Hoeffer, a biologist who traveled extensively in India. "He was capable of performing many of the magical feats and illusions of the fakirs. He had a walking staff and he used to amaze people by reaching over and picking a fresh orange, or a bunch of grapes from the stick. I saw him place a tiny dead twig in a bowl of plain water. He made a few passes over the stick, mumbling some sort of chant and—I *swear*—tiny roots started to come from the twig. An hour later, I was astonished to see the twig grown to a yard in height with a clump of small green grapes at the top."

Jacob of Calcutta claimed to be adept in the science of astral projection, a form of the so-called "secret science of soul travel." Early in his faith healing services at his

Calcutta temple, he told his followers: "Do not be afraid if you are ill. I am adept in the art of soul travel. Believe that you can call my name and I will come to you. My spirit will soar over the streets and houses and come to you anywhere, at any time."

Faith healing has had many names during the centuries since the first primitive healer donned an animal-skin and tried to drive out demons from an ailing comrade. The gimmick of curing by astral projection was absolutely new. India and the Orient has always been fascinated by claims of soul travel. Here was a man who claimed just this ability.

Modern faith healing is essentially the same form as practiced by primitive cults. It is based on obtaining the patient's attention, building up confidence in the healer or the curer and inspiring a recovery. Some diseases can be healed in this manner. Others can be temporarily relieved.

Jacob of Calcutta undoubtedly based his "soul travel" cures on the faith of his followers—unless, as many claim, he was actually an agent of some ancient order of Masters who taught hidden knowledge to a selected group of initiates.

Jacob also lectured in the streets of Calcutta. "Pain is entirely in the mind," he proclaimed. "It is a process of the mental faculty. You can forget your pain by not allowing your mind to recognize it." Saying these words, Jacob would light an oil lamp and hold his hand over the leaping flame.

"The teacher should prove his worth," he stated proudly. He raised his hand. The astonished onlookers could find no evidence of a burn or blister on his palm.

Stories of Jacob's ability to cure through astral projection filtered through the tea-rooms, bazaars and streets of Calcutta. "I awoke last night with a fever," said a jeweler. "I prayed for Jacob to come and heal me through his science of soul travel. It was a miracle! I

felt his healing touch on my forehead and it was as if his spirit was pulling the fever from my body."

"The baby coughed up blood. Jacob came and fixed it," said a young mother. And so went hundreds of stories.

Jacob neither encouraged nor denied these stories. "There are many unfolded mysteries in this world," he said cryptically. "I am but a child who has plucked the first blossom."

Jacob was showered with gifts from those who claimed to benefit from his practices. The number of cures through his supposed astral projection were fantastic and phenomenal. Those "spirit patients" considered it to be an act of faith to repay Jacob with money or an expensive gift.

"You should give only according to your means and only if your heart truly tells you to do so," admonished Jacob, returning an expensive ring to a poor, unemployed young father.

One medical doctor did investigate Jacob of Calcutta. Dr. Earl Hager, now deceased, was in Calcutta when Jacob was at the height of his reign.

"First, I've investigated faith healing throughout the world and have one of the world's largest libraries on the subject," Dr. Hager told me several years ago. "Before talking about Jacob, I want to give you a little lecture about my thoughts on disease. They can be divided into three sections. The first group is totally mental in origin. The second is physical but has a tendency to cure itself. The third group is entirely physical and does not cure itself."

Dr. Hager paused. "Around seventy to ninety percent of all diseases are in the first two groups. They would be cured whether they were treated by a family physician, a specialist, a snake-waving faith healer or a preacher. Many would be cured even if they were just

left alone because the human body has amazing abilities to repair itself.

"I talked with Jacob in Calcutta and we had dinner one night. He was an accomplished magician, a talented showman and a successful faith healer. His followers had unswerving belief in his ability to cure. Those that recovered were living testimonials to his healing powers. Those that died were just another dead body in the hundreds of thousands in Calcutta in those days."

Was Jacob actually able to cure through astral projection as he claimed?

"Of course. He stressed belief in his ability when he talked with his followers," Dr. Hager said. "They *believed* he was an advanced holy man and he received the credit for the natural recuperative power of the body."

Jacob continued his practices in Calcutta for several years during the nineteen thirties. He departed from the squalid slums one day in 1937. "I am going to China where there are those who need me," he said. Shortly afterward, he opened a faith healing temple in Chungking, China. During the turbulent days of the war inside China, Jacob disappeared. He may have fallen victim to the Japanese invaders, Communist terrorists or died a natural death.

"And there are some who swear he returned to the monastery in Tibet during World War II," said Dr. Hager. Perhaps, somewhere in the lofty peaks of the Tibetan mountains a white-bearded old man sits quietly and listens intently to the lectures of a red-robed monk.

THE CIVIL WAR PROPHET

Mrs. Harry Harlow became concerned one quiet autumn evening in 1854 when her new boarder did not show up for dinner at her boarding house in Elkton, Tennessee. It was not like Constance B. Sanders, or any

other healthy young man studying the ministry, to miss one of Mrs. Harlow's tempting meals.

Mrs. Harlow looked down the double row of boarders seated at her long dining table. They were all young men and they wolfed down ample portions of her delicious food as if it was their last meal.

"Has anyone seen Mr. Sanders?" she inquired.

"Brother Sanders is in his room," replied a talkative young man. "He has his fever and headache again tonight. We're going to pray for him at our evening prayer service."

Mrs. Harlow nodded. The boarding house sat on the edge of the Cumberland Presbyterian Seminary campus. Her boarders were students at the theology school. They were pious young men with intense belief to help others and reveal the messages of the Good Book to the unsaved. "After dinner I'll have one of the girls take a meal—"

Mrs. Harlow's statement was interrupted by a sudden, terrible wailing in the hallway. Everyone stiffened. An unnatural silence caused the dining room to become static. A servant girl's slack-jawed mouth and quivering finger pointed toward the dining room doorway.

Constance B. Sanders stood in the doorway, weaving dangerously, in a feverish delirium. Rivers of sweat poured down his flushed face. His suit was drenched with perspiration. His eyes were like two burning coals as he lifted his right arm and pointed toward the group at the table.

"There will be a funeral in our town tomorrow evening." The smothered words seemed to drag from his mouth. "Do not worry. It will not be any of us. It will not be any of our family."

Sanders turned and staggered back to his room. Mrs. Harlow and her boarders continued to stare at the doorway long after he had disappeared. Everyone felt

reluctant to comment on the strange prophesy by their fevered friend.

"Well, in all of my born days, I have never heard anything like that," snapped Mrs. Harlow. Her voice was high and distant. "That boy needs a doctor."

A mumbled chorus of statements rose from the boarders at the table. Some said Sanders should have medical attention. Others claimed the power of their combined prayer would cure their friend. Someone suggested Sanders was possessed by Satan. "Nonsense! Prophesy is divine inspiration," announced a tall, muscular student.

"We can talk later. The food is getting cold," Mrs. Harlow directed. "Let's continue our dinner. I'll get the doctor for Mr. Sanders this evening."

The dinner progressed, although many of the boarders had lost their appetite. Apple pie was being served by the servant girls when a knock sounded at the front door of the large house. Sam McNeely's face was pale. "There's been a death, Mrs. Harlow," he said. "I'd like to ask some of your boys here to help with the burial tomorrow."

Later, Mrs. Harlow commented on the experience: "The death occurred several miles from Elkton and I have always remained certain that Mr. Sanders had not known of the illness of the person." Mrs. Harlow retained a memory of that night for many years. It was the first manifestation of second sight and a strange personality that was to stay with C. B. Sanders for a quarter of a century. Later, he would become known as "Alama's Sleeping Preacher" and, still later, as "The Civil War Prophet."

C. B. Sanders was twenty-three years old, a muscular youth with considerable intelligence when he entered the Cumberland Presbyterian Seminary in Elkton, Tennessee in 1854. He had studied for the ministry slightly less than three months when he was afflicted with severe

attacks of diarrhea, dysentery and severe cramps. These ailments had barely subsided when Sanders contracted typhoid fever. The fever was accompanied by lengthy epileptic-type seizures in the throat, tongue, chest, arms and legs.

"Each fit is made worse and the patient complains of terrific headaches," a physician reported. "On the evening when he made the-prophesy about the McNeely incident, the patient was heard to wail about his head bursting with pressure. I examined him. The head was badly swollen from some type of internal pressure. The skull openings were enlarged to a dangerous size. It was as if his brain was pressing outward, seeking release from his skull." The doctor prescribed a popular opium-base pain killer and suggested that Mrs. Harlow and her boarders pray for Sanders' recovery.

As the weeks passed it was apparent that the once healthy young man would be unable to complete his studies at the seminary. "Don't worry about a thing, son," Mrs. Harlow said comfortingly. "Stay here at the boardinghouse and regain your strength."

Sanders accepted the invitation and Mrs. Harlow had the highly difficult task of supervising the recovery of her ailing boarder. Her regular duties might be interrupted at any time during the day or night. "He's having another fit," was a cry that brought the kind-hearted lady to Sanders' bedside. She learned to sleep lightly and awaken quickly. The other students at the boarding house volunteered for night watch over their friend and helped Mrs. Harlow whenever possible.

Shortly before dawn, on a wintery morning some two months after the puzzling evening, Mrs. Harlow was awakened by the pleading cries of a student. "Miz Harlow, Miz Harlow," the youth wailed. "Come quick because I think C. B.'s going crazy."

Mrs. Harlow and several other students rushed toward the room. As they rubbed the sleep from their eyes,

the excited student who had cried out pointed toward the sleeping Sanders. "Something's wrong!" the boy shouted. "He isn't normal. Sanders is supposed to be asleep but there's somebody else taken over his brain."

"Shush! You probably had a dream." Mrs. Harlow held a candle toward Sanders. He seemed to be sleeping.

"I will occupy the casket for this time and period," a strange voice spoke from Sanders' mouth. "He will suffer these attacks for five more years and the headaches following that. After each attack I will appear and control the body when it sleeps."

The shocked group gathered inside the room as a strange, new personality revealed itself. "I am X+Y=Z," the sleeping state announced. "You may inform Mr. Sanders when he awakens that I am here."

In the months that followed, Sanders regained his health except for intense attacks that allowed the new personality to emerge. X+Y=Z was a totally different person from the shy, untraveled ministerial student.

"There is no question but that the algebraic personality was considerably more educated than Sanders in his normal state of mind," his physician declared. "It had a better vocabulary, talked intelligently on any subject and exhibited none of Sanders' northern Alabama-southern accent."

C. B. Sanders had been born on a farm sixteen miles north of Huntsville, Alabama. His schooling was spotty; the curiosity of a good scholar had enabled him to acquire enough self-education to enter the seminary. "On one occasion X+Y=Z talked to another student in High German," Mrs. Harlow recalled. "Poor Mr. Sanders knew absolutely no word of any foreign language."

Equally disturbing to Sanders was his inability to control the seizures. X+Y=Z was seemingly able to emerge at will. Although the unknown personality knew what transpired at all times with Sanders, the normal personality was unable to recall what occurred when

X+Y=Z emerged. "The usual pattern was for the algebraic personality to emerge after an attack, usually after the body was fatigued from the convulsions of a fit," declared the doctor.

Afflicted with the attacks and weakened by his convalescence, Sanders was forced to leave the seminary. "I'll still become a minister," he vowed to his friends at the college in Elkton.

Shortly after his recovery, Sanders married a young woman and lived in Athens, Huntsville and Mooresville, Alabama. In 1862, he was ordained as a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, preached at camp meetings and was appointed to a pastorate at the Meridianville, Alabama, church in 1866 and 1867.

X+Y=Z became widely known throughout the southern Tennessee and northern Alabama areas for clairvoyance, uncanny powers and ESP. The algebraic personality was also skilled in practicing medicine and dentistry.

"When Sanders was in his sleeping state he was quite conversant with medicine," wrote Dr. W. T. Thatch, a pioneer physician in the northern Alabama region. Dr. Thatch became intrigued with stories of the minister's unusual powers and worked with Sanders for several years. Sanders welcomed the physician's attention. "Perhaps we can solve the riddle together," the minister said.

"X+Y=Z knew the technical and Latin names for medicine and diseases," Dr. Thatch continued. "This was surprising because Sanders never studied medicine at any time during his life. The Sleeping Preacher also knew the names, uses and curative properties of many drugs, and was capable of writing a diagnosis and prescribing medicine very successfully. Many people were cured of serious illness under his diagnosis and direction."

One of the Sleeping Preacher's most fantastic talents was an ability to diagnose the ills of a patient, although the sick person might be miles away. One

day Dr. Thatch was testing him for the power to read a newspaper while blindfolded. The experiment had barely started when a nervous farmer burst into the doctor's office.

"Doc, you got to come at once." There was a note of anxious pleading in the farmer's strained voice. "My little boy is sick again with the fever. He was burning up all last night."

Dr. Thatch agreed. "I'll get my bag," he announced.

"Wait! I have the body. I have the body." The Sleeping Preacher spoke in a distant whisper. "It is a little boy, about seven years old and his name is Billy. He's lying beside a fireplace and there is a thick quilt wrapped around him. A woman is wiping his forehead. He has a touch of ague fever, with periods of fever and then chills."

"Who's that? Who's that?" demanded the bewildered farmer. He stared at Sanders' body lying on the office couch. Slowly, he turned to Dr. Thatch. "He knows more about my boy than I do."

"What do you recommend for treatment?" the doctor inquired.

"For a young child with ague fever there is nothing better than 5 or 6 drops of quinine in a tablespoon of sugar water," the Sleeping Preacher prescribed. "Give him two spoonfuls an hour for the first day. Then, a spoon in the night and each morning for a week."

"I'll take a bottle of quinine along." The physician opened his drug case and withdrew a small vial of the liquid.

"Doctor Thatch, please take along a small bottle of paregoric. The boy will have diarrhea in the morning and the paregoric will also stop his pains from the fever." Then Sanders fell into a deep sleep.

Dr. Thatch accompanied the farmer to his home. Both men discovered the feverish boy lying near the cabin's fireplace. "It's just like the Sleeping Preacher said,"

swore the farmer. He shook his head with disbelief.

The physician examined the young boy. "It's ague all right," he announced. "You want to take a chance on doing as the Preacher said?"

"Doc, at this moment, I trust him more than I do you," replied the farmer.

Dr. Thatch prepared the medicine and gave directions for its use. He handed a small vial of paregoric to the farmer, cautioning the man to use it sparingly.

The farmer was embarrassed. "Doc, I ain't got anything to pay you with. You'll have to charge it til something comes through."

"Forget it," the physician said breezily. "The damn yankees would just take it away from me."

"That's the truth." The farmer laughed. "Tell you what, Doc. If Billy gets diarrhea tomorrow like the sleeping Preacher said he would, I'll treat him and then let you know."

"That'll be payment enough." The doctor snapped his bag shut, accepted a "God Bless you" from the farmer's wife and returned to town. The following afternoon he learned the farm boy had awakened about dawn with severe stomach cramps, then diarrhea. The paregoric had acted quickly and the boy was recovering very satisfactorily. The child had asked his mother for a sandwich as the farmer left for town.

Within a week after the physician made his call and followed the Sleeping Preacher's diagnosis, it was apparent that Billy was well. He returned to school. The community gossiped about the incident and many asked for diagnoses from the Sleeping Preacher.

Sanders was preaching to a crowded camp meeting in 1859 when he was shaken with convulsions. He lapsed into a sleep that lasted for eleven days. "I'll never have another seizure again," he said happily, when he awakened from the coma. However, the blinding head-

aches remained whenever the X+Y=Z personality manifested itself.

As news of the Sleeping Preacher spread through the region, Dr. Thatch relied on the unusual personality to diagnose extremely difficult cases. "In his preternatural state, Reverend Sanders was frequently prescribing medicines that were not obtainable from my regular drug houses," Dr. Thatch wrote. "Later, we learned many of these medicines could be obtained only by importing them from other countries. The X+Y=Z personality gave instructions as to where they could be obtained. We wrote to those people at the addresses he provided and stocked our medicine chest according to his instructions. He had a comprehensive knowledge of *Materia Medica* when in this sleeping state."

The Sleeping Preacher exhibited many other paranormal talents in addition to healing. Dr. Thatch, Major Woodward and W. S. White tested him for hyperaesthetia, an ability to see in the dark or while blindfolded. Sanders read accurately from a newspaper in a dark room. Once, while hunting ducks near the Big Springs branch in Madison county, Alabama, the Sleeping Preacher fired a shotgun into a night sky. W. S. White and Dr. Thatch claimed he had hit a duck. Later, Dr. Thatch proved this ability by having him fire at a target—and blast several bull's-eyes—in the darkness of a wintery Alabama night.

The second personality could move around and converse with people when Sanders was in the so-called sleeping state. X+Y=Z was also extremely helpful in directing people to lost and missing articles. When a mentally ill woman wandered around from her mountain home, the Sleeping Preacher directed a search party to her location. "They have found her," X+Y=Z announced, several hours before the search party returned to Huntsville.

The second personality frequently refused to be bothered with medicine. It concentrated at one time on dentistry for a period of several weeks, developing a formula for a relatively painless method of tooth extraction. At other times, X+Y=Z amused an audience by describing events occuring in other homes, distant cities and foreign countries. This was accomplished through some form of clairvoyance or extra-sensory perception.

However, the algebraic personality was also somewhat confused on his true nature. On occasion, he acted like a true split personality. At other times, he was more like a spiritualistic medium's guide. He was adamantly opposed to being considered the returned spirit of the dead.

Reverend Sanders was continually embarrassed and frequently angry with his unusual sleeps. "I dislike the fact that when I am sleeping, he takes over," the Reverend informed Dr. Thatch. "I am completely apart from everthing that is happening. I don't like it that *he* knows what I do. How would you like someone else to do away with you anytime they wished?" There was a tone of plaintive sadness in the preacher's voice.

"I admit the situation has made you different from other people," replied the doctor.

"And I don't like the name he uses for me."

The doctor nodded. The second personality had continually referred to the minister as his "casket."

"Who is he? What does he want?" Reverend Sanders twisted his hands in nervous frustration. "I wanted to be a man of God. Now I am known as The Sleeping Preacher and many people come to hear me only to hope the other person will appear in the middle of a sermon."

It was shortly after this conversation that X+Y=Z announced he would soon be leaving "my casket." The message was contained in a letter written to the bewildered, unhappy minister.

On May 5, 1876, the personality wrote another letter to the Alabaman:

"After twenty-two years of labor and suffering in and through the person of my casket, and for the many years of that time both a mystery and a reproach, I now come to the end of my first engagement; and will here leave off, in part, the work until my second and last coming, at which time I will reappear to finish up the great work for which I was intended.

"My Casket, I come to address you, personally, before I depart. You have been to me a submissive servant, in suffering, in contempt, in wonder, in reproach, by night and by day, from year to year past.

"You will never be able to see all you have passed in this life until you see the life to come, when you then stand ready to fall back into dust, where you came; and I leave you forever. I have given you many valuable lessons. I have prevented you from many difficulties and saved you many sorrows. I have shown you many friends and foes, revealed their strengths and how to treat them.

"Together we have dwelt in peace and safety; but at your request I will leave you for some time. Till I return to your head again, you will remain the seat of great pain; and at times it will be to you almost unbearable. But be humble and also patient. And amid the sympathy of friends may God help you to be submissive.

"Your entire body will be, of necessity, the dwelling place of a powerful electric force; but this will help you to keep up and make you useful to others.

"My books and papers I leave in your charge; but these you are on no account to exhibit. Give earnest heed to these words.

"Examine the body of the sick, and by reference to my books, give relief whenever you can. Examine the sick of soul and by aid of the truth, give relief to them

if possible. You will often and sadly miss me when I am gone but you cannot realize it now.

"My former 'charge' I leave with you; and would say: Full up the measure thereof that I may return to you the sooner. With Heaven's benediction I bid you adieu.

X+Y=Z

"7th day, 5th month, A.D. 1876
4 o'clock 8 min. A.M."

From that moment on, the second personality was gone. Reverend Sanders suffered from head and chest pains but resumed a fairly normal life. According to an old psychiatric textbook, X+Y=Z reappeared again on August 24, 1889 and remained for several months. It would be fascinating to know more about the Sleeping Preacher, who astounded the South more than a century ago. The author has made some inquiries as to the possible location of the papers and books presumably left by the X+Y=Z personality. It is not known if these even exist today.

Perhaps somewhere in an old trunk in an attic or basement somewhere around Huntsville, Alabama lie records and papers that supply the answers to a century-old mystery. *Who was X+Y=Z?*

II CURES AROUND THE WORLD

ESALEN: THE TRIP WITHOUT LSD

More than 100,000 Californians have embraced Esalen, a new "human capacity" movement which claims to relax converts and provide "a feeling of oneness with all of humanity."

"It's an exotic, wild trip with more emotional experiences than LSD," said a convert. During one Esalen marathon, a matronly woman reported "the painful sharing, tearing, giving, baiting, waiting, hoping, supporting, knowing, choosing, surrendering . . . of sensitivity."

Followers of Esalen believe man employs only a tiny portion of his enormous faculties for learning, loving and creative activity. "We need to rediscover our feelings," an Esalen enthusiast explained. "The first step is to break down inhibitions. Then, we can respond to their own emotions."

"Eliminate inhibitions and people respond to the realities of their environment," said another convert. "With inhibition gone, fear disappears and your energy is freed for creativity."

The Esalen Institute, Big Sur, California, was founded in 1962 by Michael H. Murphy. Dr. Abraham H. Maslow, president of the American Psychological Assn., recently informed newsmen that Esalen "is potentially the most important educational institution in the world."

Esalen seminars have included such notables as his-

torian Arnold Toynbee, Bishop James Pike, psychologists and psychiatrists. Each participant agrees that an Esalen session is an exhilarating, joyful, renewing experience that heals the mind.

"It is the non-narcotic cure for the anxieties of today's complex world," a San Francisco business executive reported.

AMISH CURES

The folk medicine recipes of the Amish and Mennonites are still virtually intact because these groups have shunned modern society. Some of their home remedies include:

Camphor: Several drops of camphor will calm the "nervous afflictions" of a hysterical woman, according to an old Amish midwife.

Rhubarb: In moderate doses it is alleged to be an excellent remedy for chronic constipation. The preferred method of administration is in syrup form.

Artichokes: A tincture prepared from the leaves of this garden plant is alleged to be helpful in curing rheumatic, gouty and neuralgic afflictions. The dosage is three teaspoonfuls each day.

Beet Tea: A tea made from dark "blood red" beets is used extensively to suppress excessive menstruation, urinary ailments, catarrh of the bladder or inflamation of the kidneys. This is considered an all-purpose tea. Patients are urged to drink freely.

Lady's-slipper: The scientific name for this flower is *Cypripedium Parviflorum*. The root has been used with claimed success in the treatment of epilepsy and various "nervous diseases." A medicine is made by placing two ounces of root into two pints of water and boiling it down to one and one-half pints. The recommended dosage is a tablespoonful at breakfast, lunch, dinner and bedtime.

Peach Leaves: The leaves of the common peach tree are supposed to have a sedative effect on the nervous system. It is also alleged to be useful in treatment for whooping cough, upset stomach and bladder irregularity. Half an ounce of dried leaves are placed in a pint of boiling water. Dosage: a tablespoonful three times daily.

Garlic: A garlic poultice is said to be useful in ending digestive stomach troubles of children. Syrup of garlic can be brewed to be given in doses of five drops to a teaspoon, three times daily, for a chronic, violent cough. Garlic buds placed in the mouth and held there are considered capable of killing common cold germs and flu virus.

The Thorn Apple: Cigarettes are prepared from dried leaves. When smoked, they are considered beneficial in curing asthmatic difficulties.

RUSSIA'S FRUIT AND BERRY PHARMACIES

In the very near future, a sick person in the Soviet Union may consult with his family doctor, obtain a prescription—and head directly for the nearest fruit market!

A mushrooming trend in Russia's fruit and berry industry centers around the development of a natural pharmacopoeia. "Our researchers have discovered what many folk medicine practitioners have known for years," said a spokesman for a Russian medical society. "Many fruits and berries contain elements that have proven very beneficial in preventing, and curing, cardiovascular illnesses."

The Russians have discovered that several varieties of apples, rowans and blackcurrants will drop high blood pressure back to normal. "If a patient suffers

from hypertension we have also found chokeberries to be very effective," the medical doctor reported. Another fruit has a tranquilizing effect on various nervous disorders.

Hops and rowans also provided natural vitamins. These fruits prevent scurvy, deterioration of eyesight and muscular dystrophy. A search has been launched for plants which might contain large accumulations of natural iodine.

"The scope of fruit-and-berry pharmacology may be much wider than mere treatment or prevention of diseases of vitamin or microelement deficiencies," according to the Russian publication, *Uchitelskaya Gazeta*.

Large amounts of bactericides have been found in apples, strawberries, raspberries and grapes. Some of these substances are vitally essential oils; others are polyphenols. "One of our most interesting experiments is centered on a berry compound that stops the growth of bacteria which creates gastro-intestinal diseases," the Russian medical spokesman said.

While the modern Soviet medical researcher seeks a scientific explanation for these substances, no such problems plague Russia's folk medicine practitioners. For centuries they have prescribed certain fruits or berries for specific ailments. They know they work wonders and don't probe deeper.

HEALERS OF THE ORIENT

Ancient Oriental legends declare she lived more than three thousand years ago, a young wife whose home was in a small, isolated mud-hut village in the southern hills of what is now Cambodia. It was after the death of her first child that she refused food and lost weight rapidly. She ate only when her anxious husband forced food into her parched mouth. Her dress sagged on her

body. Gaunt hollows appeared beneath her cheekbones.

"She never speaks," the worried husband told the village priest. "She never listens. She sits in the corner of the room and stares at nothing."

The priest nodded. "She must go to the temple at the monastery for the wise men to apply their ways."

Like an entranced ghoul, gaunt and thin, the young wife obediently followed her husband along the dusty path leading to the temple. Her stunned mind seemed to linger somewhere else, like a bamboo door closed forever to the sun-dappled images of the present.

After two days' journey, the young couple arrived at a monastery on a mountaintop. The last part of the journey was a laborious climb, step by step, over worn stones that led to the monastery. It was most difficult. Once, the husband caught his wife as she turned to leap from the edge of a towering cliff.

After that, she followed quietly. Her eyes did not flicker when her husband rang the gate bell. A hooded monk in an ankle-length robe opened the gate.

"My wife has the sickness of the moon," the young man explained. "She has not been right since the death of our first child."

The monk said, "This is not for a humble initiate like myself. Only the wisest of those among us are allowed to dispense moon medicine." He beckoned the couple into the walls.

At length, the young man and his emotionless wife were led into an inner chamber of the monastery chapel. The head priest watched quietly. He stroked his white beard as the young husband stepped forward. The young woman slumped to the stone floor.

Again, the symptoms were recited. The old monk nodded gently as the husband asked for treatment for his wife.

"The priest in the village says you have the moon medicine to cure my wife," the husband pleaded.

The elderly monk's parchment-like skin glistened in the candle-light. His eyes narrowed. "We are a poor order of lowly servants. What can you pay?"

"A ring that belonged to my mother," the husband replied, timidly.

The monk inspected the ring, holding it close to the flickering candle flame. "It will do," he said at last. His voice was polite. "Bring the afflicted one to the altar. Her sins must be cleansed by the purifying fire."

Moments later, the young woman was strapped to a stone altar. Oil lamps were symbolically placed around her motionless body. A group of black-robed priests chanted solemnly in the darkened corner of the chilled room. The lamps were lit. The flames danced in the cold air.

The old priest chanted, "Let the purifier of all men, the breath of the fire draw the demon from her body. Let the fire burn deep into her soul and cleanse it. Let the blood be pure." He sprinkled lamb's blood on her brow. "You are relieved of your transgressions, little one."

The monk beckoned a wrinkled finger. A man rushed forward with bits of root, soaked in a bowl of colored liquid.

"Open your mouth," commanded the monk.

He spooned the roots and liquid into the young woman's gaping mouth. The patient screamed. A faceless spectre seemed to grow in the room. A huge snake coiled in the flames. She smelled the gravestench of a waiting tomb. Then, miraculously, she fell asleep.

The treatment at the monastery continued for several days. With each administration of the roots and liquids, the woman improved. She slept soundly. Her headaches ceased. Her mind returned to reality and her appetite was astonishing. The young husband hunted rabbits in the valley, trapping several each day to help add to the monastery larder.

It was nearly three weeks after their arrival, and two months after the onset of the illness, that the elderly monastery leader advised the husband on further treatment at home.

"Your wife will recover very gradually," he said in a rich voice. "The loss of her child was felt to be something she had done. She will need more medicine, however, if she starts to fall back."

"I am a poor peasant," the husband replied in a desperate voice.

"We are all poor," the healer said quietly. "If she has the fits again, dig up the snakeroot plant and brew her a daily tea. If her condition becomes serious, then you must prepare a broth of snakeroot juice and the root itself."

Legend says that the monastery prescription was but one of many instances of where these holy men performed miracles of medicine many thousands of years before the same techniques were available in Europe.

"There is a basis in fact for many of their miraculous cures," according to medical observers.

Consider the legendary moon medicine. The Rauwolfa plant is now commonly known as the "moon medicine" or insanity herb. The Sanskrit language called it *sarpagandha;* it is administered for snakebites. In English, it is known as snakeroot or serpentwood and has been sold throughout the Orient for centuries by holy men as a cure for lunacy.

It has a tranquilizing, calming effect and was first publicized in *Charka Samhita,* an Oriental medical manual published a thousand years before the birth of Christ. The master of nonviolent protest, India's late Mohandas K. Ghandi, drank a daily tea prepared from the herb. Indian holy men chew the snake-like roots to aid in their meditation.

Through the efforts of several distinguished physicians, the western world finally learned of the Oriental "moon

medicine" in 1953! Within ten years, psychiatrists and doctors interested in a biological treatment of mental illness agreed that tranquilizers—the original being Rauwolfa, the lunacy weed—had wrought great changes in treatment of mental illness.

It often eleminated the need for electric shock treatment for many patients. It was effective in treating chronic alcoholics, paranoia, manic symptoms and withdrawal pains experienced by drug addicts. To date, more than 2,000 scientific papers have been published on Rauwolfa, the miracle drug from the ancient monasteries. While the temples are now often nothing but ruins, their many miracle cures are helping medical science advance today.

AZTEC CURES

Greedy, crafty old Hernando Cortez led his armored horde of rapacious, gold-hungry soldiers across the dusty Mexican plains. The Spanish soldiers were searching for the legendary "Cities of Gold," rumored to be hidden somewhere in the vast mountain ranges of Mexico. Instead, they marched directly into one of history's most paradoxical civilizations and, ultimately, destroyed the Aztec nation.

The Aztec nation was indeed a civilization of contrasts.

"They are ruthless pagans who deserve to be destroyed for their sinful ways," a friar wrote to the Spanish king. "Their priesthood is ruthless; they worship idols and make human sacrifices."

Possibly, the friar wrote these words during some long night when the Aztec temple drums throbbed to the booming roar of heavy sticks pounding against their snake-skinned heads. Or, perhaps, he had witnessed an Aztec sacrificial ceremony, when the nation's most beau-

tiful virgins were tossed into slimy, snake-filled pits to appease some unknown god.

Yet, while their religion was pagan, the Aztecs had developed a high skill of pharmaceutical ability. They were especially skilled in the use of hallucinatory drugs. According to 16th century translations written by Franciscan friar Bernardino de Sahagun and Dr. Francisco Hernandez, the Aztecs used *peyotl* (peyote) as both a religious narcotic and a general medicine. Peyote is a small cactus plant that grows in clusters that look like buttons.

The Spaniards discovered that peyote "was used by the priests when they wanted to commune with their gods," Dr. Hernandez declared in *Nova plantarum, animalium et mineralium mexicanorum historia.* "They claim to receive messages from their gods while in this state of delirium. A thousand visions and satanic hallucinations are said to have appeared to them . . ." the king's physician wrote.

"The Aztecs are advanced of the white man in their treatment of diseases of the mind," another historian wrote. Before the Spanish conquest, the Aztecs prescribed various dosages of powdered peyote buttons to relieve severe insomnia, nervous conditions and other minor mental illnesses. As the downfall of their civilization occurred, many of their records on dosages and treatments were lost. The Spaniards tagged peyote as "the devil's drug."

Two years ago, I led a party of adventurous treasure hunters into the remote mountains of southwest Chihuahua, Mexico. This is one of the world's few remaining frontiers. Vast portions of the area are virtually unmapped, and some remote Indian villages have probably never been visited by a white man.

Our party penetrated deep into the region and, like the Conquistadores before us, sought treasure and ar-

tifacts. We camped near native villages whenever possible and our interpreter frequently hired guides from these poverty-stricken communities.

One evening I sat around the campfire, munching on a roasted rabbit leg when a filling dropped out of a tooth. Within an hour, the tooth throbbed with pain.

"I will go into the village and get the *curadera,*" our interpreter announced. "He may have a cure."

He brought back the village witch doctor, or medicine man, a lean, darkskinned old man. He grinned shyly as he approached the campfire. His shyness turned to curiosity as the interpreter explained that "in the outside world" there were dentists who filled teeth with gold and silver. The old man peered into my mouth, nodded solemnly and pursed his lips.

"Put this around your place of pain," he advised, pulling a small amount of brownish powder from a dirty leather bag.

"It is peyote powder," explained the interpreter. "He says this will help stop the pain for the night. Tomorrow morning, he will come at sunrise and show you how to pick the buttons. He says freshly gathered peyote buttons are best for teeth that ache."

As the *curadera* watched me carefully, my party of adventurers continued a conversation about possible treasure caves. Several moments passed and, suddenly, I realized the pain had vanished.

"What is his fee?"

"There is no charge," the interpreter replied. "He would like you to tell more about the world outside the mountains."

During the days that followed, the *curadera* and I spent many hours in discussion.

"Stay here and talk. Let the others waste their time searching the caves," he said, squatting in the dust around the campfire. "I will send out a message to bring a gift to you."

The *curadera* explained he had been trained by an elder of the village. "It was many years ago when I was just a child," the wizened witch doctor said. "Since then, I have used the things we have here to heal our people. We lose many and save a few."

The Indian stated peyote could be used as a drug to induce hallucinations and visions. "Powdered peyote is scattered over a wound to make it heal fast," he said. "I use grease and powdered peyote to make a salve. This helps to stop the pains from burns." This salve, rubbed onto the skin, was also claimed to be helpful in easing the pain of rheumatism and arthritis.

"It is good when the old men's bones get sore," the *curadera* said. He puffed one of my cigarettes, holding it between his thumb and forefinger. Then, over the pack of cigarettes, we talked of the legendary "snake plant": the *ololiuqui.*

There have been suggestions of this narcotic-type of vine-related plant in the writings of ancient Spaniards. Father A. Cortan wrote in his journals: "It is truly remarkable how the natives believe in the properties of the *ololiuqui* seed. They chew it or drink it as an oracle of prophesy. They claim this satanic seed provides insight into things beyond the power of the human mind to contemplate. Those who use it to excess will lose their minds."

"They believe in the plant so much that they do all in their power to make certain it does not come to the attention of church authorities," a Father Alarcon stated.

As the Spanish priests worked to convert the Indians to Catholicism, they condemned any use of *ololiuqui.*

At confession, the Indians were asked: "Have you eaten the satanic peyote? Have you feasted on the flesh of man? Have you taken the seeds of the *ololiuqui?*" The Spaniards attempted to suppress all descriptions and drawings of the plant and information is very sketchy.

The old *curadera* squatted on a camp stool and said the mysterious flower was growing in his own back yard. I investigated and discovered it was a winding, wooden vine plant similar to the common varieties of morning glory grown in the United States. The leaves were heart-shaped and dipped to a point.

"After the vine blossoms and the flowers disappear there are little seeds left in their place," explained the old Indian. "It should be taken under the care of one who will watch for you."

He repeated an old ritual that goes back across the centuries to the time of the Aztec priests. "Come thou hither, who wish to expel the gray pain and the black pain. Come hither, now, and take the seeds of the Gods."

In addition to its narcotic properties as a hallucinogenic drug, the *ololiuqui* is said to have other beneficial medicinal properties. "It is a very good pain killer," the Indian said. "It can be pounded into a salve and is good for aches and pains of the body." It also has an apparent numbing effect.

The isolated medicine man also grew beds of sacred mushrooms, members of the *Genus Panaeolus* family. These have an effect like the more modern drug, LSD. According to Tezozomoc, an Aztec historian, these mushrooms were served at palace feasts during the reign of Montezuma in the early 15th century.

"When we have someone whom we cannot save and who must pass on, I give him the mushrooms," explained the *curadera.* "It helps him cross over the bridge between our world and the other one."

Undoubtedly, as the Spaniards destroyed the Aztec civilization, the world lost considerable knowledge of botanical medicine. Before I left the area, the *curadera* presented me with a small, two-inch golden statue

from pre-Columbian times. In turn, I later shipped him a supply chest of modern medicine and instructions on their use and dosage.

PENNSYLVANIA'S PUZZLING PARADISE

The 1600 residents of Roseto, Pennsylvania are a puzzling population to medical science. The small town has one of the world's lowest death rates from heart and arterial diseases. A seven-year study of Roseto revealed there is no valid scientific reason for the community's low rate of coronary illness.

The majority of Roseto's people are first, second or third generation Italians. "We have retained many of the customs from the old country," explained one Roseto resident. "This includes our passion for good food and wine."

The majority of the townspeople are overweight because of their love of fattening foods. Excessive weight and a rich diet are considered to be prime factors in heart diseases. There is no mystery to the residents of Roseto, however. "We're a fun-loving people who have peace of mind," a town official stated. "We take the time to enjoy life."

The medical study on Roseto concluded the way of life in the northwestern Pennsylvania community was indeed worthy of further study. "They were gay, boisterous and unpretentious," the report stated. "Whether their sensible way of life contributes to their good health is still to be determined."

In a town that enjoys life, there is no question but what a good laugh and an abundant enjoyment of life is a sure cure against a heart attack.

FABULOUS FAITH HEALERS OF FRANCE

On several occasions in recent years the French Ministry of Public Health has launched campaigns to eliminate unofficial, unlicensed "healers." In one massive round-up in 1965, more than 1,000 healers were arrested and fined for practicing medicine without a license.

"Yet, today, we have an estimated 100,000 healers practicing," a French medical society reported. "Their methods are as varied as their claims of cures. Some use ray machines of one type or another. Others use hypnosis, laying on of the hands, or homeopathic infusions. Some even prescribe fasts and dieting."

The difficulty of regulating faith healers in France is due largely to a belief in their powers—by both peasants and aristocrats. "Most people handle the situation in a very practical way," declared Claude DeMory, a physician. "They see their physician and then consult with their favorite healer."

Some disgruntled, non-believing members of Parliament have suggested heavy fines and long prison sentences for healers found guilty of practicing medicine without a license. However, there are difficulties.

"There are problems in defining faith healing terms in legal language," admitted one lawmaker. "The healings at Lourdes are attested and documented. We have the practice in Protestant churches of laying on of the hands. There is the Christian Science church. Who is to say what is right or wrong?" He gave a typically Gallic shrug.

Dr. DeMory admitted: "Healers must have some powers or the people would not flock to them for their alleged cures. However, I believe most are charlatans. But how can one separate the good from the bad?"

In France, as in other countries, faith healing is part of a religious trend and, as such, is a very difficult area in which to pass legislation.

III FAITH HEALING, FORMAL MEDICINE, AND THE CHURCH

THE PARADOX OF FAITH HEALING

Down through the ages, faith healing has endured under the guise of many names. It has flourished through many different methods, practices and practitioners. Opponents of supposedly miraculous cures are quick to condemn all forms of faith healing. "It is a vicious fraud that often leads to the death of many people," a prominent physician stated recently. "Faith healing is a superstitious throw-back to the days when a howling witch doctor danced around a frightened savage."

The American Medical Association is highly skeptical of so-called claims of miraculous cures. "The medical profession recognizes the power of faith on the individual mind as a factor that may affect the condition of sick people," the AMA stated. "There are also occasional instances in which diseases generally regarded as fatal reverse themselves without any explainable medical cause, whether or not the patient has had the ministrations of so-called healers.

"If such a phenomena were to occur to an individual under 'treatment' by one of these healers, the likelihood is that he or she would take the credit. The medical profession does not recognize that 'faith healing' as such has any accepted merit whereby it can be re-

garded as having remedial or curative effect in persons who are actually victims of organic disease," the AMA statement concluded.

Even those who are ardent believers in faith healing are confused about the methods of the alleged skills. There are many contradictory statements on the source of such curative forces.

"Belief is at the root of all faith healing," declared an evangelist, whose hot-eyed, spell-binding sermons are centered on God's healing powers. "The early Christians were burned alive for their beliefs. When the flames of their funeral pyre seared the bodies of these martyrs, they often raised their flaming arms and waved to those who waited for the fire. This gesture indicated these men were suffering absolutely no pain. Their love of God, their intense belief in a supreme being, possibly anesthetized their bodies to the searing flames."

The evangelist continued, "I have studied psychology. Belief will frequently create an illness in the body. Hysteria is a complex form of mental illness which finds an outlet in the body. Case histories show that lameness, paralysis, deformed limbs, blindness, heart disease and other illness are counterfeited by a hysterical person. Every doctor knows that a depressed state of mind, or an anxiety complex, will create fatigue, loss of appetite and a bored approach to life. Even a trained specialist may experience difficulty in distinguishing between an organic and a mind-induced disease. I believe the mind and body are more closely related than medical science may admit.

"When I practice laying on of the hands during a service, I have seen miraculous cures occur," the evangelist said. "Realistically, I believe most of these cures are persons with mind-induced, or psychosomatic, illnesses." He smiled. "What difference does it make what created the cure? Or what caused the disease? The primary object is to heal people." Another minister

mentioned the "power of God" flowing through his hands.

Occult healers frequently admit their inability to explain their powers to heal. Others speak gibberish about "the psychic power of the cosmic conscienceness flowing into the patient" or "the Masters perform their miracles."

A reputable psychiatrist recently said, "Faith healing might be nothing more than instant psychoanalysis. Belief in the healer, the forgiveness of sins and total surrender of their guilt feelings would remove the repressed memories that may have created a psychosomatic illness."

Dr. Christopher Woodard, of England, has stated the next step forward in medicine may be the realization of healing powers on a spiritual level. ". . . As yet, they have not been understood, though they were seen very clearly when Christ was on Earth," he reported.

"They (the gospels) abound in stories of healing," Dr. Paul Tillich of Harvard's School of Divinity has written. "But we are responsible ministers, laymen, theologians who forget that 'savior' means 'healer,' he who makes whole and sane what is broken and insane, in body and mind."

After the mushrooming growth of faith healing cults in England, the British Medical Association reported on the phenomena. ". . . After investigation . . . we can find no evidence that organic diseases are cured solely by such means. The evidence suggests that many such cases claimed to be cured are likely to be instances of the wrong diagnosis, wrong prognosis, remission or possible spontaneous cure."

The medical profession is rightfully skeptical of wholesale claims of miracuous cures. Many healers appear reluctant to submit their claims to careful clinical investigation. Most are indifferent to the past medical

records of their patients. In the Braden report, minister after minister cautioned against emotional mass meetings. There should be no fund raising and the healer should charge no fees.

"Healing should be done in privacy with the sick person," commented one minister. "Excitement, exaggerated promises of healing and appeal to worldly and social interests should be carefully avoided."

When a well-known healing evangelist rolled his crusade into Toronto, a Canadian physician checked on the alleged cures performed by the healer. The city buzzed about a man who had been paralyzed for ten years. Suddenly, during an emotional part of the service, the paralytic rose dramatically from his stretcher, ran across the stage and tearfully embraced the healer. A gaunt-faced woman testified she had been afflicted with cancer. "The healer's touch has ended my disease," she cried.

Such astounding claims electrified the audience. Thousands of ailing people traveled hundreds of miles to attend the healing services. Undeterred by the healer's dramatic showmanship, the Canadian doctor quietly investigated the backgrounds of people who claimed to be cured.

"The paralyzed man was not paralyzed. He had been bed-ridden for several years," a Toronto newspaper reported, later. "Three days after his alleged cure he suffered a total nervous collapse and was in much worse mental and physical condition."

The woman who was supposed to have been instantly cured of cancer died four days after her emotional testimonial to the healer's curative powers.

Other investigations of healers are equally disappointing. A committee of a dozen ministers, eight physicians, four university professors and an attorney conducted a careful investigation of people who claimed to have been cured by a healer in Vancouver, British Columbia.

It required several months to follow up the medical histories of the 350 persons who professed a cure.

"There was absolutely no change in 301 of these individuals," a member of the commision stated. "Thirty-nine had died within six months of their claimed cures. Five had become insane. Out of the original 350 persons, we determined that five had been cured. And those were people who suffered from various nervous diseases."

Dr. Charles Brown investigated one hundred claims of faith cures. He discovered over seventy of these unfortunate people had died within two years after the supposed cure. They succumbed to the same maladies that their physicians had diagnosed as incurable.

Rev. Carroll R. Stegall, Jr., then pastor of the Pryor Street Presbyterian Church, Atlanta, Georgia, also made an inquiry into the claims of several healers. Rev. Stegall concluded that many evangelists "screen" the sick before they are allowed to enter the healing line.

"No healer will come near a really crippled individual," the Reverend stated. "I have seen many desperate cases appear at every meeting I have attended. Night after night, they are avoided like the plague. When asked to explain their avoidance of these truly ill people, the healers often claim to be able to discern those who have no faith. . . ."

And, as Rev. Stegall said, the person who is truly ill with a serious organic disease appears to never have enough faith to warrant the attention of the alleged healers.

The terrible consequences of indiscriminate use of faith healing can create irreparable harm. A few years ago a well-known healer was indicted in Miami, Florida, for practicing medicine without a license. A distraught mother brought her infant son to the evangelist's healing revival. The child was a polio victim; he was unable to walk except by crutches and leg braces.

The tiny child hobbled across the stage at the height of

spell-binding healing service. The audience watched as the healer anointed his hands with a fragrant oil, placed his palms on the child's forehead and raised his eyes toward the heavens.

"Jesus, heal this boy!" commanded the evangelist. "Jesus! Let this boy feel the surge of your healing power."

The audience watched with apprehension. The healer ordered the mother to remove the crutches and braces from the legs of her infant son. The child crumpled to the floor of the stage.

"The power of Jesus is within him. It will manifest itself," shouted the healer. "Have faith. Do not replace those braces on the child."

For three days the child was encouraged to walk on the crippled legs. Painfully, he stumbled along. He fell again and again to the floor. When the mother's belief in the healer dwindled, she took her child to the regular family physician.

The doctor shook his head in despair. "Irreparable bone damage," was his anguished diagnosis.

Psychiatrist William S. Sadler is also skeptical of faith healing. In his *Modern Psychiatry* textbook, he wrote: " . . . prayer for the sick may be a laudable and worthwhile ministry, when sanely practiced. Religion of the "divine healing" type has done a great injury to a large number of people in leading them to expect the impossible and has been the cause of many untimely deaths. . . ."

The debate on the merits of faith healing has raged since the beginning of time. It will undoubtedly continue for many centuries. Those who believe in the power of the occult consider each report of a cure as further evidence for the validity of their philosophy. To the scientifically trained observer, each unexplained cure is an assault on the stable world of orderly science.

Until the healers document their claims of curative

powers, the author must side with the American Medical Association. Regardless of the illness, when a member of my family is sick we prefer the ministrations of a competent medical doctor. Faith healing and the alleged miraculous cures are chaotic and unpredictable. Until the healers submit their claims to an impartial, complete investigation by disinterested parties, most of their statements can be rationally considered as propaganda and exaggerated, unfounded claims.

FAITH "TRANSPLANTED" HIS HEART

The minister heard the sounds of Chicago winds howling outside his church office. He looked across his desk at his visitor, a well-known Chicago financier and a model Christian. But there was something about the man—

"I've just come from the hospital," the dour-faced visitor said. "My second heart attack, you know. It's bingo if it happens again. I wanted to thank you personally for your visits and donate a check for the church fund." He slid a check across the glass-topped desk.

It was the eyes, the minister decided. They seemed to fling hatred on everyone and everything. Vague suspicion formed in the minister's mind. "Mr. Johnson, keep your contribution," the minister said. "Money won't buy your way into heaven. Why don't you tell me what is really bothering you?"

The minister waited. After several minutes, both men were conscious of the shrill howl of the wind outside, the only sound in the room.

Dreading the moment, yet knowing it was inevetable, Charles Johnson wet his lips. "It's my daughter," he explained. "She married this hippie out on the West Coast where she attended college. He was less than dirt. She tried to make a success of a bad marriage. When she realized he was a bum she killed herself with sleeping pills."

The minister nodded. "She was a beautiful girl," he said. "The marriage was unfortunate."

The financier's eyes were glazed. "Why did God do it? Why didn't He stop her? She was our only child."

The minister started to speak, then remained quiet.

"I hate God!" cried the financier. "I hate Him for taking my little girl from me. I hate Him . . . I hate Him . . ." He bent forward, sobbing into his hands. "I've tried to be a good Christian all my life. What's the use? I know guys who live like bums, run around on their wives and cheat their customers. Nothing ever happens to them. Since Marsha committed suicide I've hated God. I hate Him."

"Tell me about it." There was love and compassion in the minister's voice.

The finanacier poured out his suppressed resentment and his deep, almost unreasonable hatred against God for the tragic death of his only daughter. Through the hours of pouring out his repressed thoughts, he tried not to listen to his own voice. He seemed to be moving through a world of reddened rage, without the power of strength to end his verbal portrait of a dark God whose anger was beyond comprehension. The words rolled out of his mouth smoothly and effortlessly.

The minister listened for several hours to the confession of his parishioner. It was a dark trip into the nightmare alleys of a distorted, twisted mind.

Afterward, the minister and his visitor knelt and prayed. The financier asked forgiveness for his resentment toward God. "Please help me to understand," he pleaded.

"Within a week after our confrontation, the man was completely cured of his heart ailment," the minister informed me. "A medical checkup revealed a virtually new heart beating strongly. Apparently, this man unconsciously felt guilty because of his daughter's death. Unknowingly, he turned his terrible guilt inward.

"Illness, disease and sickness cannot be eliminated totally by *either* a pill or prayer. I do believe that genuine research should be initiated by medical men to see if many diseases are possibly part of the whole personality. A sick person may often have problems which evade the curative powers of scientific medicine. We may discover that a minister or priest can heal fifty per cent of the people who suffer from various diseases."

NEVER TOO LATE FOR FAITH

Roy Tully of Dublin, Ireland, desperately hoped the experience was some dark dream from his repressed imagination. He shook his head, blinking his tired eyes. He was still in the doctor's examination room, and it wasn't a dream.

". . . if we had known in time it might have been different," the doctor continued. "But our laboratory tests reveal several parts of your body are cancerous. The best hope I can give you is to get your affairs in order quickly. It will be easier on your family."

Roy Tully walked out of the clinic in a state of shock. Now he knew how a prisoner felt when the judge pronounced a death sentence. "At least a prisoner has a chance of commutation and life in prison," Tully thought, walking into his favorite tavern.

"What's it to be today, Tully?" the bartender inquired, wiping the bar with a moist cloth.

"Some of your best grog. Pour the best in the house. Have one on me," Tully answered.

Over an ample drink of aged Irish whiskey, the bartender gradually learned of his cutomer's plight.

"You have one chance, Roy," the bartender advised. "There's a church down at Krook, in County Mayo, where some wonderful healings have taken place at

the shrine. People have been cured there for the past eighty years."

"I never heard of it."

"It started back in the terrible potato famine," explained the bartender. "The people in the village of Krook were starving. Poor souls! They held a special service and asked the Virgin Mary to end the great famine. Right in the middle of the service, m'boy, they saw a bright light. Some say there were visions of the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph and St. John."

According to church authorities, the figures in the vision were in front of an altar, faces raised heavenward, where a white lamb was encircled by thousands of brilliant gold stars.

"After this vision occurred the village prospered. Their crops were good," explained the bartender.

"Forget stories of visions and potatoes," snapped Tully. He poured a large glass of whiskey. "I have cancer, not malnutrition."

"The church authorities visited the chapel at Krook," continued the bartender, patiently. "Their visit followed several claims of miracle cures. An old woman was bent over with rheumatism. After being blessed in the church, she walked like anyone else. A young baby was deaf and regained its hearing. People with diseases made trips to the church and asked for blessings."

"What did the priests find?"

"They did a pretty good job of talking to everyone," replied the bartender. "They were convinced an authentic vision happened and that some forms of miracle healings were occurring at the church."

Shortly afterward, desperate to try anything, Roy Tully traveled to County Mayo. He entered the small church shrine and was blessed in what has been called the "Irish Lourdes." Recently, he wrote to me:

"I know I had cancer because of the doctor's laboratory reports. When I went to Krook and received the

blessing, there was a tiny tingling sensation in my body. I didn't think much about it. A few days later, I seemed to be regaining my strength. I felt better than I'd felt in years," he wrote. "I went back to my doctor for a regular examination and to obtain more medicine to kill the pain of cancer. He was so impressed at my healthy appearance that he took more laboratory samples and sent them away immediately. He was dumbfounded when they came back saying I was cancer-free.

"This happened two years ago. I have not been sick a day since then."

Other recent cures at the Irish shrine include a girl who was relieved of life-long paralysis, a woman who regained use of a withered arm and a young boy whose rheumatic fever and a serious heart condition were cured.

As Roy Tully concluded in his letter: "There are strange things on Earth that science hasn't even started to understand. The ways of God are powerful."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALINGS

More than a century has passed since Mary Baker Eddy established the Christian Science church. In the intervening years, this great religious movement has been an important leader of Christian healing. During the first three centuries of the church, healing was a significant part of Christianity. Christian Scientists have collected thousands of documents testifying to the powerful forces of their beliefs.

Testimonies from a century of Christian Science healing include:

"Our son was crippled due to an accident. He was placed under the care of a Christian Science practitioner after doctors could do no more. The result was

that our son was cured. He is an active young man today, married and has two children."—Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Robinson.

"I was crippled with a rheumatic condition for many years and unable to follow my profession as an orchestra leader. Finally, in desperation, I consulted with a Christian Science practitioner and underwent his treatments. Eventually, my rheumatic condition lessened and I am working at my profession again."—W. H. Mannet.

"For several months I had known my sight was failing until I was almost blind. I had always laughed at Christian Science. However, a desperate man will grasp any straw. A few minutes after my first treatment my nerves were calmed and I could see much better. Three weeks later, I was completely cured and have started study to join the Christian Science church.—Marshall J. Miller.

"More than ten years ago, while working in the steel mills, I became seriously afflicted with an ailment. It was diagnosed as everything from an ulcer to cancer of the stomach. I traveled from doctor to doctor and improved for a few months under one physician's treatment and then relapsed.

"Finally, the doctor said: 'I don't want to alarm you but I advise you to get your affairs in shape. You don't have more than a year to live.'

"My last hope had vanished. Then a friend took me to a Christian Science healer. In a few weeks I started to show improvement. Within three months, I could eat anything, gained weight rapidly and am as strong as ever today."—Albert Payne.

A Century of Christian Science Healings, published

by the Christian Science Publishing Society, Boston, contains hundreds of testimonials of miraculous healings from 1866 until the present.

SISTER TERESA'S HEALING POWERS

One of the prerequisites for sainthood in the Roman Catholic Church is evidence of healing by intercession. "Only a few Catholics can travel to a healing shrine," explained a priest. "It is common for a sick person to pray for healing by intercession."

The case of Teresa Demjanovich of Bayonne, New Jersey, is now under consideration by the Church. As Sister Miriam Teresa of the Sisters of Charity, the candidate for sainthood died in 1927. Since then, there have been scores of cures ascribed to Sister Teresa's intercession. Church requirements are very strict and all testimony must be beyond doubt.

Here are two of the many cases, attested by physicians:

". . . A thirty-eight year old male was admitted to the hospital. Hs had suffered from constant and severe gastro-intestinal hemorrhages. His blood pressure reading was 00/00.

"During a consultation of doctors, one physician said the man was dead. A nun placed a picture of Sister Miriam Teresa on the patient's body. Immediately, the man showed a positive response. From that moment, he showed constant improvement and made a remarkable recovery."

The physician stated his belief that the picture on the patient and prayers to Sister Teresa saved the man's life. "Medical science had given up," he said.

Another case concerned a woman who underwent ordinary surgery at another hospital. The report stated:

". . . However, she developed pneumonia and peri-
tonitis. All medicine and drugs failed to bring a response
in her condition. The doctors had given up. The family
gathered around the bedside. A priest was called to
perform the last rites. Sister Miriam Teresa's intercession was sought by the family and there was an immediate, incredible improvement in her condition.

"The attending physicians and nurses found it difficult to believe her quick recuperation."

"After all medication failed in the treatment of her illness, the patient's recovery was prompted by prayer," the attending physician reported.

FAITH HEALING IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

The early Christians considered faith healing to be a valid part of their religion. Stories of Christ's healing constitute a considerable portion of the New Testament. In the fifth century, St. Augustine wrote about his era's conception of disease: "All diseases of the Christians are to be ascribed to demons, chiefly as they torment the fresh baptised, yea, even the guiltless newborn."

Gregory the Great wrote in the sixth century of a nun who ate a piece of lettuce without making the sign of the cross. Along with the lettuce, Gregory related, the nun also devoured a demon. A holy man exorcised the devil's servant.

"You can't blame me," snapped the demon, according to Gregory the Great. "I was sitting on the lettuce. This woman did not make the sign of the cross. She ate me along with it."

Healing remained a vital portion of the ministry until the ninth century. Then, the "healing unction" gradually gave way to what the Catholic church now terms the "extreme unction." Healing services were no longer a prayer for the return of good health but a preparation for death and judgment.

In recent years there has been a renewal of the healing ministry in the Protestant church. Protestant ministers face a heavy risk of failure and the vast problems of convincing their congregations, when healing services are added to their busy schedules.

The ministers are trying to regain the tradition of healing miracles performed by Jesus. They also cite the directive from the Epistle of St. James:

"Is there any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church and let them pray over him . . . And the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up . . .

The Episcopal church has moved forward dramatically in holding faith healing services. More than 400 churches are engaged in recapturing the lost traditions of Christian healing.

While we hear considerably more about the dramatic cures at Lourdes, the quiet revolution in the Protestant church is conducted on a local level. Healing services, led by the pastor or rectors, are held in the regular churches. These healing sessions are usually held separate from the regular Sunday services.

"Pastors who are engaged in revitalizing the healing ministry do not claim any special powers," declared an Episcopalian rector. "They do not claim to have a magic formula that will create a miraculous recovery. They disclaim any personal power to end sickness. Instead, they emphasize that if a cure is effected through the services, it is through the power of God. It is God, not they, who performs the healing."

Apparently there is no illness that will not yield to the power of prayer. In 1954, the Federal Council of Churches' commission on religion and health conducted a survey to discover ministerial attitudes toward faith healing. The poll was conducted and tabulated by Dr. Charles S. Braden, Professor of History and Literature of Religions at Northwestern University. "Thirty

per cent of the ministers who responded to the survey indicated they had practiced spiritual healing," it was announced. Sixty-four different diseases were cured through prayer.

". . . After prayer for several weeks, I saw a man healed of cancer of the lungs," wrote a Methodist minister from Nebraska.

". . . A woman in my congregation was ill with cancer and given only a few weeks to live by a group of medical doctors," declared an Episcopal minister from Missouri. "I prayed with her during those hopeless days. She confessed her hatred for another woman in the congregation. This resentment had apparently been bottled up within her for several years. She forgave the woman she scorned and, on the following morning, she was clear of the disease. This was verified by her doctors and now, four years later, she continues in good health and fine spirits."

". . . An eight-year-old girl, the daughter of a member of the congregation, lay near death in a local hospital. We prayed for her recovery at our weekly healing services. Although the doctors had given up hope for her recovery, she was cured by God during the night," reported another Episcopalian minister from Texas.

These dramatic healings demonstrate how deeply the Protestant church has regained the lost tradition of healing. Unlike Lourdes, which maintains a Medical Bureau staffed with doctors to investigate claimed cures, the Protestant church relies upon the integrity of their ministers for proof of healing. "Actually, we are not interested in amassing a lot of data on healing," said the assistant rector of an Episcopalian church in the East. "People are being helped by our services. That's all we wish to know."

Some of the healings are truly miraculous. In Pennsylvania, the rector of an Episcopal church called on a

man who was recuperating from a minor heart attack. The illness was certified in advance by diagnosis and treatment by skilled medical doctors. "His wife had an intense interest in spiritual healing and she asked her husband to lie on the living room couch while a prayer was said for his recovery," reported the rector.

The patient's wife placed her hands above and below her husband's heart.

"As I prayed aloud we felt a pulsing vibration," the rector reported, later. "The man said he felt a painful sensation move from his heart to his neck. A small spot of perspiration developed on his neck. I felt heat in my own body. All of us sensed that something had occurred. Within two days after the incident the patient visited his doctor and was examined. The physician could find absolutely no trace of heart trouble."

A middle-aged woman from Buffalo, New York, had been operated on for removal of a small tumor at the base of her spine. The tumor was removed during the operation but the surgeon had been forced to stretch and severely damage the spinal cord. When she went to another city for more specialized medical treatment, she was in a state of complete paralysis from the waist down. "Her mental condition could be described as great despair and depression," said a minister who called upon her at the hospital.

"I have no interest in religion," the woman informed her visitor.

"Well, it certainly won't hurt for us to talk for a while," smiled the minister. During the next hour he told her of God's healing power and cures he had seen performed during healing services.

The woman gradually brightened as the visits continued. She was received into the church. At the conclusion of each visit the minister gave her Holy Communion, anointed her with holy unction and performed a "laying on of the hands."

The prayers and faith healing rituals continued for several months. One afternoon, the woman was sitting in her wheelchair talking with the minister when he noticed she was moving her foot.

"How can you tap your foot if you're paralyzed?" the clergyman blurted.

Amazed, the woman discovered she was indeed able to move her foot. Gradually, over the next few weeks, strength flowed back into her limbs. Soon, she was taking her first tentative steps and progressing toward a normal life.

Gradual healing is often more commonplace than the instantaneous miracles.

"Even if a person is not completely cured he has often been healed in the mind," commented a minister. "The results of prayer often provide a more balanced, fuller personality."

Dr. Braden's report for the Federal Council of Churches indicated most healings through ministers were permanent. The report concluded that any healing without recurrence of the illness for two years, was considered to be permanent. Each minister signed the reports on healings and, as educated men, many realized their reports might be read with skepticism.

Students in medical schools are often informed that a large portion of the patients they will treat will be suffering from psychosomatic illnesses. A doctor at the Mayo Clinic, Rochester, Minnesota, has asserted the doctors there can only heal 25 per cent of the people who seek relief.

"Fully seventy-five per cent of our cases are hopeless because the patients are passing the illness of their minds into their bodies," said this physician.

Does this new resurrection of healing services within the church indicate a new era when sickness can be cured by either a pill or a prayer? "Absolutely not," declared a clergyman. "The healing ministry is a pro-

found traditional element of the church with roots in first century Christianity. It is absolutely not a witch doctor's incantation that dispells devils and demons. Spiritual healing requires a total commitment to the ideals and religions of Christ."

SPIRITUAL HEALING

Spiritual healing through the church is a supplement rather than a replacement of medicine. Ordained ministers—the modest healers—believe prayer, spiritual serenity and laying on of the hands are necessary to effect a cure.

Recently, I observed a healing minister during a visit with an ailing patient in her hospital room. "Try and relax as much as possible," the minister urged. "Think of yourself as being cleansed of all sin, fear, resentment and guilt. If there is something or someone bothering you, admit it. Open your mind and body to the healing power of God."

After an hour of prayer there was no curative effect. "Let us not be disheartened," the minister informed his parishioner. "Let us pray together. I thank Thee Father, that Thou has heard me. And I know Thou hearest me always."

The minister and the sick person do not pray alone. A dedicated prayer group is active in virtually every church with healing services. "They are the real dynamos of spiritual healing," one minister said. "They deserve credit for every successful cure."

As an example, one Philadelphia church has more than one hundred members who have experienced a spiritual healing or know the power of prayer through the healing of a close relative or friend. In teams of two or three, they pray every hour of the day for those who seek spiritual healing. There are many failures but

enthusiasm is renewed with each cure. As one member explained, "We are attempting to chart the spiritual boundaries of healing just as medical researchers explore the scientific elements."

ARE SOME PSYCHIC HEALERS PHONIES?

Often, they are too frightened or ashamed to reveal their names. Yet, they are too disillusioned to remain silent. The hundreds of pilgrims who have journeyed to the Philippine Islands in search of a faith healer's miracle often relate a bitter story. It is the age-old tale of the unscrupulous, fast-talking medical quack who preys on the hopelessly incurable.

In October, 1967, one hundred and eleven crippled or diseased pilgrims flew by chartered airliner from Detroit to Luzon, the Philippines. It was an intensely emotional journey to obtain the services of a famed "psychic surgeon." The Filipino faith healer and scores of his imitators claim to perform surgery painlessly, without opening the skin—by passing their bare hands psychically through the body.

A widely publicized 16mm movie extolled the miraculous virtues of psychic surgery. Magazine articles printed these faith healers' claims of cures. A book was even published on the alleged gifts of faith healers in the Philippines. In personal talks and literature, the Luzon faith healers also promoted a vision of discarded crutches, of diseased flesh made well and muscles no longer atrophied. "Wheel chairs can be stored in the attic," spieled the agents for one faith healer.

"Faith One," the Detroit pilgrims' plane landed at the Windsor (Ont.) airport, en route home after a fruitless two-week search for a miracle. There were a few claims of cures. Passengers disembarked in their same wheel chairs. People hobbled down the ramp on the same

crutches and canes they used to journey toward a hopeful "miracle healing."

A disappointed pilgrim described one of four "psychic surgery" operations. One of the "psychic surgeon's" many assistants was requested to remove a calcium deposit from his elbow. "The man in the next bed watched," the embittered man related. "The assistant went to work and blood spurted all over the place. He pulled something out and then wiped my arm with a hunk of cotton." The faith healer left to attend to other patients.

"I said to the next man, 'Look, he didn't take it off. It's still here.' It was," said the disgruntled pilgrim.

On another occasion, the doctor performed a prostate gland operation as several patients watched. "He pulled something from beneath the sheet that, so help me, never came out of the human body," said the patient.

Medical investigators have compiled extensive dossiers on the Filipino faith healers. Their reports indicate most "psychic surgeons" operate under a sheet spread over the patient's body. Some dig their fingernails into the patient's weak stomach flesh to simulate the so-called "bare-handed" incisions.

"Through sleight of hand, they spread a thin animal membrane over the patient's stomach. Blood contained in the membrane is splashed around to impress the patient," an investigator explained. "The membrane is then rolled up into a ball and called a tumor or whatever organ they wish to label it."

(Incidentally, this is simply a modernized variation of an old confidence game called the "cacklebladder," which operated in the U.S. over a hundred years ago. A con man would lure a sucker into a fight with another confidence man. The sucker would strike a few good blows and the con man dropped like a dead man. Blood spurts gushed from the fallen man's mouth. The effect was

achieved by use of a chicken bladder filled with blood and held in the con man's mouth. He bit through the thin membrane at the right moment. Shaken suckers paid dearly to protect their reputation from the supposed stigma of being a murderer.)

In the Philippines, the membrane is usually from a pig. American medical investigators have maintained surveillance over many of the most prominent "psychic surgeons." They have affidavits on where and how the faith healers purchase their animal membranes and blood. They have photographs of these tissues being disposed. "With a little practice you can turn in a credible performance as a psychic surgeon," admitted an investigator.

At the Windsor airport, one crippled youth said, "I'm thinking of all of the other paraplegics and incurable people who are going to flock to the Philippines by the thousands. I hate like hell to see them go through the disillusionment and torture for nothing. It's a waste of time."

Psychic surgery must go down with tidbits of Egyptian mummy flesh and powder of unicorn horn as just another example of the unscrupulous elements of faith healing. Quacks are always ready to tout cures for the truly afflicted, the totally incurable and the sufferers of psychosomatic illness. Check with your family physician before you embark on any lengthy journey—or expenditure—for a miracle cure. Your doctor's advice will possibly save you thousands of dollars, disillusionment an the loss of unfounded hope.

It is expected that the Philippine authorities may act to end the abuses of the "psychic surgeons." "When that occurs, the so-called healers will probably open up shop in another country," a realistic investigator reported. "People must be on guard against these quacks for many years to come."

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A QUACK

The American Medical Association lists several guidelines to recognize a charlatan or quack faith healer. These include:

1. An unscrupulous quack, or faith healer, will frequently utilize a secret formula or machine that can supposedly cure any ailment.
2. He advertises widely and presents outlandish claims for his cures.
3. He will invariably promise a quick, rapid cure.
4. Quacks frequently claim medical groups are persecuting him and are trying to suppress his "marvelous" curative practices.
5. He will claim that doctors are not interested in curing people and are "money-hungry medicos" who drain patients of their life savings.
6. Some charlatans constantly ask for "investigation by a recognized medical research group." They always manage to avoid providing this data for a competent scientific evaluation of their methods.
7. Many will forcefully claim their method of treatment is far better than the surgery, x-rays and drugs developed by modern medical research.

"Often, a quack will treat a patient until the disease, such as cancer, has reached an advanced stage," a medical investigator explained. "When the patient awakens to the seriousness of his condition, it is frequently too late for even the best of modern medicine to help him."

IV WITCHES, SORCERY, AND MEDICINE MEN

THE LOST MIRACLE MUD

Numerous legends of miracle medicines abound in the folklore of home remedies. None are more intriguing than recurring reports of a miraculous healing mud which was bartered by Indian medicine men to explorers, fur trappers and pioneers.

Each year, the "mountain men" left their lonely trapping outposts in the western mountains to attend a "convention" along the banks of Green River, Wyoming. They bartered their furs with canny traders from St. Louis, drank a few bottles of whiskey, shared adventures with old friends and secured medical attention. Living alone in the wilderness, the trappers were subjected to the perils of nature, wild animals and treacherous Indians.

Green River was in a turmoil one year when the boats from St. Louis pulled ashore. Wild rumors swept the encampment. The visiting physician journeying upriver had been murdered in a St. Louis saloon brawl. "We couldn't get anyone else to make the trip,"

"What are we going to do for a doctor?" demanded a whiskered old trapper. He exhibited an ugly, running sore on his arm.

"I guess we depend on the old medicine men," someone replied.

"Do they know anything about medicine?" a youngster inquired.

"Probably as much as that drunken old fool who came upriver every year," answered the trader.

Shortly afterward, an Indian brave carried a message to the nearest medicine man. The following evening a wrinkled, walnut-skinned medicine man appeared at the encampment. The old Indian slapped a thick, dark mud on the sores. "It comes from a special place," he said. "Only the medicine men know where the gods hid their treasure."

By sunrise, the encrusted mud was caked over the sores. "Wash off in the river," advised the medicine man.

"We were astonished to find that most of our sores were well along the trail to healing," a trapper later told a New York journalist. "The evil old medicine man just grinned. He charged a barrel of whiskey to go get another supply of the mud."

The medicine man returned shortly afterward, packed the mud around the sores and collected his fee. "Before we left that year, every trapper bartered for a bag of mud. Although it dried out, it could be mixed with water and used throughout the year. I cured many a sore with the good Mother Earth."

Throughout the west, reports indicate tribal medicine men knew locations of miracle mud. During his rampage through the southwest, Geronimo's fierce Apache warriors carried deerskin bags of the mud. "It will stop the pain if we are hurt in battle," a captured warrior told an army officer.

John Hebron, a geologist, has sought the site of the legendary mud. It is a frustrating hobby. "The old medicine men were tight-lipped about their sources," he said. "I have been on reservations today. There are old people who know the locations, I'm sure. But they seldom talk freely to strangers. The old ones still remember how it was during the Indian wars; many lost their parents from a white man's bullet.

Hebron believes the secret of the mud, "assuming it exists," lies in some sort of herbal vegetation at the site. "Perhaps some weed, or swamp plant, passes a natural form of antibiotic into the mud," he said.

Will-o'-the wisp or a natural wonder drug? The secret possibly lies buried in the Indian's happy hunting ground along with dead medicine men.

ANCIENT AMERICAN INDIAN REMEDIES

The American frontiersmen quickly gained respect for the Indian medicine man and his extensive knowledge of herbal remedies. When a physician or midwife was unavailable and their own home remedies failed to cure, the pioneer settler and his family often turned to the medicine man as a physician.

"Some of these medicine men have a knowledge of the uses of weeds, plants, flowers, barks and berries to treat certain illnesses," a reporter for a New York paper wrote during a trip into the west. "I have seen two men cured of ague by drinking tea made up by an old Indian. I have heard of even more unusual things from the fur traders and trappers who bring their wares to St. Louis. Some of these men swear by remedies of the savages."

Although many of the herb medicines concocted by the Indians have been lost, a few have been preserved. These include:

GREEN BAY INDIAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM

Bark of the Wahoo root, 1 ounce; blood root, 1 ounce; black cohosh root, 2 ounces; swamp hellebore, ½ ounce; prickly-ash, bark or berries, 1 ounce; poke root, cut very fine, 1 ounce; rye whiskey, 1 quart. Mix well, let stand a few days before using. *Dosage*: One tea-

spoonful every three or four hours increasing to three to four teaspoonfuls as the stomach will bear. If dizziness or upset stomach occurs, reduce the dose.

Another Indian remedy for rheumatism was to scrape the bark from a bearing crab apple tree. A handful of the bark was then mixed with whiskey and a small glass taken three times daily.

Another Indian remedy for rheumatism was to boil the bark of the upland white ash in water until it becomes a strong, bitter tea. This tea was to be taken in small doses as it caused vomiting.

EAST INDIAN CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA

Eat the green shoots of raw asparagus; sleep and perspiration will be induced. The Indians claimed this was a sure cure for infection from the bite of a mad dog.

INDIAN EYE WATER

Soft water, 1 pint; gum arabic, 1 ounce; white vitriol, 1 ounce; fine salt, ½ teaspoonful; put into a bottle and shake until dissolved. Put in the eye just before retiring.

This prescription came from an old Indian who sold the remedy around Ypsilanti, Michigan over a century ago. It was claimed to cure most maladies of the sight or eye.

INDIAN CURE FOR INFLAMED EYES

Whenever an eye was inflamed, or sore, the medicine men frequently applied a raw potato poultice. The potato was scraped very fine and frequent applications were made.

FEVER SORE POULTICE

Sassafras root bark, pulverized and ground very fine. Make a bread and milk poultice very thin and stir in the sassafras powder. Apply three times daily until the sore is healed sufficiently to accept a salve made by thickening honey with wheat flour, equal amounts.

In lieu of wandering through the forests for these barks and herbs, or wearing a fever sore poultice for several weeks, I suggest you see your physician and take advantage of the miracle of modern medicine.

AFRICA'S SORCERER'S VILLAGE

On a sunny, cloudless morning recently in South Africa one of Capetown's busiest witch doctors turned over his practice to several young assistants. The famous *juju*-practitioner brushed a speck of dust from his British-tailored suit as he entered the rear seat of his white Rolls Royce limousine. The chauffeured car rolled north toward the dark continent's mysterious Sorcerer's Village.

The headquarters for *juju* in Africa is a small village located deep within the Congolese rain forest. It is a primitive part of the world that has gone no place since the beginning of time. The settlement is almost inaccessible except to those who have memorized a route through the dense jungle.

Each year, crowds of witch doctors converge on the Sorcerer's Village for a *juju* convention. They come from the searing sands of the Sahara, the busy ports of North Africa, obscure jungle villages and the skyscrapered cities of the southern coast.

"The British Medical Association holds an annual convention," said Moishe Khan. "Those chaps have finally learned it is profitable to assemble each year and exchange information. Witch doctors have been meeting at the Sorcerer's Village for centuries. No one knows when the custom started."

Moishe Khan, a graduate of British universities, is the self-proclaimed king of *juju* doctors in Africa. He was trained in the black arts by an uncle, then spent several months in the Sorcerer's Village. Like many

Africans who have been college-educated, Khan continues to believe in *juju.*

"It works, otherwise the millions of black men and women would not believe in it," he said, in a cultured Oxford accent. "The old men there know the ancient secrets of *juju,*" he added. "They will teach students for a small fee."

"An old man from the Sahara taught me how to stop bleeding of a wound by sprinkling it with dried, pulverized plant particles," Khan said. "Another revealed the secrets of firewalking. An old man taught the use of herbs, another the casting out the devils (which your doctors call psychoanalysis) and many other practices."

The convention is held each year after the vegetation in the region has matured. The witch doctors who make the yearly pilgrimage feel the journey is very worthwhile. "It is just like any other convention," said Khan. "We meet, exchange information, listen to the old timers talk about the good old days and look over the items offered for sale by the traders."

"I believe very strongly in the herb remedies that have been passed down since the beginning of time," Khan said. "Often, these herb medicines are very difficult to obtain. I make an annual journey to the Sorcerer's Village and buy a full year's supply."

Herb wholesalers exhibit their wares in bottles, boxes, tins and jars.

"There's a glittering array of plants and herbs from throughout the world," said Khan. "Each plant has one or more uses. As an example, take the case of a person who is afflicted with laryngitis. An old man recently taught me that smoking dried mullein leaves in a pipe that hasn't been used for tobacco is an almost instantaneous cure. I keep mullein leaves for people who complain of sore throat. It works in almost every case.

The only place I can obtain these leaves today is at the Sorcerer's Village," he said.

Moishe Khan explained that the problems of Africa lie in the tribal walls of separate dialects, different customs and pronounced provincialism.

"There are thousands of languages and dialects in Africa and this limits the free flow of information in any group," he explained. "*Juju* is even more of a problem. There are no written records of the various methods and curative herbs. Information is handed down by word of mouth, generation to generation. The Sorcerer's Village is the closest thing we have to a library of information."

The village is forbidden except to persons recommended to the ruling council, or tested initiates.

"The old men are very jealous in seeing that their secrets are used correctly," said Khan. "This doesn't mean that there aren't abuses of the secrets; there are many. But *juju* is based on a subtle combination of both the black and white arts. It can be used either way."

The annual *juju* convention is said to be one of the world's most colorful conventions. Arabian healers in native dress mingle with younger witch doctors in expensive woolen slacks and tapered sports shirts. Tall, Masai tribesmen exchange information with tiny Pygmy practitioners from the interior of the rain forest. Regal Egyptians from the land of the pyramids translate their secrets to *juju* men from the industrialized cities of southern Africa.

It is doubtful that the ground swell of technological advances will penetrate into the Sorcerer's Village. "It has been there for a thousand years and more," said Moishe Khan. "It will be there forever."

SHRINKING HEADS AND OTHER THINGS

The Jivaro head-hunters who live deep within the jungles of Ecuador are best known as the originators and practitioners of the strange art of shrinking heads. These grisly jungle trophies have been collector's items for many years. Plastic reproductions have even been manufactured in the United States.

When missionaries made their first contacts with these savage tribesmen, they discovered the Jivaros immersed their grisly war trophies in a *tsantsa* brew. "The shrinking action is created through a substance composed of extracts from thirty-two different jungle plants," a missionary discovered.

A missionary who has had contact with these Indians for more than twenty years believes the *tsantsa* brew may also be useful in shrinking swellings and tumors on the human body.

"I have seen the witch doctors perform some miraculous cures with this brew," this missionary wrote to the author recently. "They usually make several small, delicate incisions in the tumor or swelling. These slits barely penetrate the skin and the old medicine men say these openings allow the brew to quickly enter the afflicted area. Next, a cloth is soaked in *tsantsa* brew. This cloth is wrapped around the tumor or swelling. In every case where I have witnessed the medicine man's skills, the swelling or tumor disappeared."

The missionary admitted he was not medically trained. "Naturally, I cannot provide an exact medical diagnosis on these afflictions. I can only report that what I have seen with my own eyes is definitely worthy of consideration by our own medical men," he said.

There are case reports of cancerous, tumorous and other types of patients showing improvement after

receiving injections of *tsantsa* brew. However, to date, there has been no scientifically valid study of the concoction and, until then, the curative powers of the brew that shrinks heads must remain unknown and unproven.

THE TRUTH ABOUT WITCHES' BREWS

The old woman pursed her cracked, wrinkled lips and stared at the young blonde village girl who twisted uncomfortably in the doorway. "Come in, come in, dearie," said the old hag, grinning toothlessly at her visitor. "I'm here to help you with your love problems."

"How did you know I needed help?" The young woman was wide-eyed.

"It is the sixteenth century in England and any young woman who walks into the forest to see an old hag like me has to have a problem with a young man," cackled the toothless hag. "You have a rival for a young man's affections."

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, softly.

"Do you want to make her sick, drive her mad or kill her?"

"I-I-I don't know," the young blonde said, hesitantly.

"No need to stir people up needlessly," the witch suggested. Her voice dropped to a croaking whisper. "How about a brew to make her act silly for a few days?"

"Yes ma'm."

"It'll cost a little money, dearie," the old hag continued, cackling again. She brushed a cat from her scarred, wooden kitchen table. "Do you have a few coins for an old witch woman?"

The witch's eyes glistened when the girl withdrew several gold coins from her shoe. "That's a-plenty, dearie. That buys a real madness. It calls for the eye of a

mouse, the tail of a bat and the skin of two big toads. Come back in two days for your potion."

The young blonde later mixed the witch's concoction into her rival's food and drink. True to the old hag's prediction, the other girl immediately began to act strangely. She complained of headaches, saw boneless entities walking through the solid walls of her room and resisted all efforts toward recovery. Villagers whispered the news of her condition. She became known as "Crazy Lol." The young man proposed to the blonde and the witch added another satisfied customer to her long list of happy clients.

The witch. Traditionally, these words conjure up an image of an old, black-clad hag riding a broomstick through the skies. Throughout history, in every civilization and culture, there have been medicine men, witches and shamens who claim the powers to prepare secret potions from strange, unusual ingredients. Were the ancient witches some sort of miraculous miracle-makers—canny con-women with a knowledge of psychology and human behavior? Or were those potions and brews capable of doing exactly what the witch claimed?

Actually, modern analysis of some ancient witchcraft recipes indicate these ugly, snaggle-toothed old hags knew exactly what they were doing when they fired up their devilish cauldrons. As an example, there are more than 3,400 classified members of the Solanaceae (nightshade) family of poisonous plants scattered throughout the world.

Belladonna, henbane and certain species of datura contain powerful poisonous alkaloids. These were often the prime ingredient in a witch's poison potion. "According to the mixture, such concoctions can bring on fits and seizures, madness and even death," reported Dr. C. K. Johnson, who has studied the subject quite thoroughly.

"While the skin of a couple of toads may sound like a ridiculous substance for a potion, there was method in those old hags' supposed madness," Dr. Caldwell continued. "A very strong and powerful hallucinogen is known as bufotenin. Our medical researchers discovered it is a by-product of toad skin."

It is quite possible that the doctrine of witchcraft was responsible for maintaining some portion of ancient pharmaceutical knowledge during the Dark Ages. However, when Papal secretaries plunged Europe into four centuries of Inquisition, torture and death, even practitioners of "midwifery" and "granny" medicine were fed to the ingenious torture racks. It is estimated that as many as nine million so-called witches and their male counterparts, warlocks, were killed during the Inquisition.

No one can know what possible secrets of pharmacy died as the fires of faggots flamed throughout Europe.

MEDICAL WITCHCRAFT

Antibiotics. Adamant and unswerving belief in the centuries-old cult of devil worship. Wonderous heart transplants. Witching healers. Britain's medical society. Bladderwrack and Blood Root. Psychiatrists with a couch. Psychic witch doctors who encourage their patients to "act out" their aggressions. Polio vaccine. Parisian bistros filled with witchcraft cultists.

Like something out of Dorothy's journey into the Land of Oz, the methods of healing in today's world is a crazy patchquilt of conflicting contrast. On the one hand, modern laboratory research teams have made astounding medical and surgical breakthroughs. On the other, self-proclaimed witches croak and cackle as they tout their supposed recipes, remedies and curative powers throughout much of the world.

Bizarre as they may be, no matter how exaggerated their claims for curative secrets, today's witches purvey advice and strange medicine to susceptible people—for the inevitable fee.

Every civilization has had its shamens, witches and outright quacks. Ancient records reveal that even the most primitive culture had some form of witchcraft. With more hope than insight, the clerical and medical establishments have predicted for centuries that witches would soon drop from the skies and be impaled on their broomsticks.

Yet, to the contrary, witchcraft is stronger today than during any other time in history. It is very much a part of modern society.

Naturally, there are many who cannot take witchcraft in any form. There are the traditions of the blasphemous Black Sabbaths. There is worship of the goat-legged god, Pan. Often, their rituals degenerate into orgiastic brawls. "Ugh! How horrible and ignorant," is a usual reaction.

Yet, despite these terrible features, witchcraft is on a mushrooming upsurge throughout the world. Germany has more than 10,000 witchdoctors who currently practice some form of white or black magic. England repealed its anti-witchcraft law a few years ago. Today, close-knit covens of witches have become as commonplace as card clubs.

Things have never been better for the tradition-steeped African witch doctor. "We have influential members of the white community who will drive their modern automobiles along a new freeway to consult with some tribal witch doctor in a mud hut," wrote a South African newspaperman. "When a supposedly powerful witch doctor waves the thighbone of an ox and places a black magic curse, everyone shivers." In addition, the city slums are scattered with store-front witch doctors who have followed true medicine to a point of specialization. Some deal in white magic; others trade only in curses.

Witchcraft has flourished in Kerry County, Ireland, and local clergymen have launched angry pulpit attacks against this revivalism of *pishoguery,* Ireland's old label for witchcraft and sorcery. When St. Patrick publicly burned the incantations of the dreadful Druids, it was assumed by everyone that witchcraft and paganism would end there. "Now, we find villagers who have the ancient curse symbols of the Druids painted on their doors during the night," a Dublin columnist commented recently. "Are we returning to the pagan beliefs of the dark ages?"

Actually, modern pharmacology can trace its origin back to the worn leather herb bag carried by witches during the middle ages. Often, the local witch was the only individual who could prescribe medications when medical knowledge was suppressed. With the advance of modern medicine it would be natural to assume that the witch, "granny doctors" and quacks would fade back into the historical woodwork. Nothing could be further from the real facts. Like it or loathe it, the largest majority of the world's population today depends on some form of witchcraft or herb medicine for medical and psychiatric treatment.

As an example of this mushrooming witchery, the city of La Paz, Bolivia is a typical example, for the superstitious treat their Witches' Market with awed reverence. Most other South American marketplaces are noisy, screeching bazaars where buyers and sellers haggle over price. "This market is almost as quiet as a church," my wife, Joan, remarked after our recent visit to the city.

Troubled people who enter the Witches' Market have a problem to be resolved. Quickly and quietly, they seek the witch who offers the strongest, or most highly touted, curative prescription. A few coins or bills are placed on the witch's table. A package of herbs, a *gris-gris* curse doll or some strange concoction is passed

to the customer. The transaction is completed with a certain subdued dignity.

The full impact of modern witchcraft can be observed in the La Paz witches' mart. It appears to be one massive healer's office, with every type of treatment offered to the patient who has the price. The merchandise is as interesting as the marketplace. Here, without prescription, you can purchase varieties of cocaine-tainted cocoa leaves. "Almost everyone chews a few leaves each day," our host told us. "It helps to endure the cold and high altitudes. It will, I admit, produce an addict if enough leaves are taken."

The Witches' Bazaar also offers a broad variety of herbal medicines. "There must be something to these medicines because people have been taking their ills and ailments to the witches for many years," explained our host.

The herbal mixtures are further endowed with an aura of mystery because of the ruins of Tiwanku, an ancient site less than an hour's drive from La Paz. It is estimated that a half million people lived in this pre-Inca city. It flourished from 3,000 B.C. to around 400 A.D.

"No one can explain the reason for its sudden demise," reported a Bolivian archeologist.

"Equally puzzling is that the archeologists have unearthed many monoliths bearing strange Greek symbols," our host added. "These look like the Red Cross symbol of today. Another strange factor is that the pottery fragments dug up at Tiwanku have pictures of men with white faces, mustaches and beards. Some experts feel this is strong evidence to indicate white men were here long before the Spaniards arrived."

On a quiet, peaceful afternoon my wife and I strolled into the Witches' Bazaar. I considered the big broomstick bazaar to be no more than a gigantic gathering place for wily women who sold narcotics to cocaine addicts.

However, our host had insisted on a careful inspection of the area.

"I will have a chemist in a government laboratory test the herbs or medicines you purchase," he added. "You may be surprised at the contents."

Still doubtful, we stopped at a small table where a walnut-faced woman, stolid, dark-eyed and garbed in black, looked up. A strained, anxious look crossed her face.

"My wife has a disease of the heart," I lied.

"I speak Engleesh, *Senor,*" she said, in a halting dialect. "Is it an affair with another man?" she whispered.

"No. This is a tight pain in her breast which comes at unexpected times."

"There is such a medicine," the witch said. "It is very expensive."

Joan frowned. "Will it stop the pains?" she asked, anxiously.

"The ancient white faces at Tiwabaku passed this secret to our people many thousands of years ago, *Senora.* It has never failed," the witch said. "It is a simple plant. You take the dried, powdered leaves and mix them with cold water. It has a power over the motions of your heart. It is better than any medicine you will find anywhere."

"How often do I take it?"

The old woman opened her battered suitcase. Her wrinkled hands plucked a paper pag from the cardboard case. "Each person must determine his own needs," she said. She brushed an insect from the table top. "You will know you are taking too much when you feel sick in the stomach. Or, *Senora,* another sign of too much is when you start to vomit. I suggest a small spoon of the dried leaves in a glass of cold water each morning. If this does not cure the problem, take

a spoonful at night also. Always use cold water. Do not boil it. Heat will destroy the medicine's power."

"Are you certain this is the best medicine?" I inquired.

"It is the only medicine for such things," she said. She explained the two-pound bag of the powder would cost $10. "That should last the *Senora* for several months."

The old witch reached into the depths of her bosom. She handed me a slip of paper with her name and address scrawled in an elaborate style. "You will want more of this medicine. Write me when you need it. Enclose the money and I will send it on the next airplane to the United States."

After the transaction, we talked for an hour. The La Paz witch was proud of her profession, as she called it.

"My grandmother was a witch, my mother was a witch and my daughter will take my place someday," she said, quietly. "Sometimes I am called by the medical doctors to tell them what to do when their pills do not work."

After our stroll through the market place, we had the powder analyzed by a Bolivian medical laboratory. The analysis was quite rapid.

"I did several studies of witch medicines for a botanical expert from an American drug company a couple of months ago," the technician explained. "This is the leaves of foxglove. It's a tall, stalk-like plant with bell-shaped flowers. The leaves are long and look like velvet. The leaves have a calming effect on the heart. Digitalis, one of the best aids for the heart, comes from the foxglove leaves."

He pinched some of the powder between his fingers. "She may also have added a bit of lily of the valley, scientifically called *Convallaria majalis,* which contains a potent Digitalis-like substance called *convallatoxin.* My friend, this is an excellent prescription for a person with

an overactive heart. You couldn't obtain anything better in the best hospital in America."

We returned to the Witches' Market and purchased similar compounds from several other witches. Invariably, after listening to the pretended symptoms, the women prescribed the same powder.

Surprisingly, after our return from Bolivia, we checked with several drug companies on the origin of Digitalis in this country. The S. B. Penick Company cultivates purple foxglove on Meadow Springs Farm in Oley, Pennsylvania. Under exacting conditions, this farm harvests enough leaves each year to produce 300,000,000 Digitalis pills. Foxglove has, in fact, been a witches' or "granny" remedy since the first century, when Dioscorides the Physician recommended it for overactive hearts and hypersensitive patients.

MUTI MEDICINE

Although African natives are quick to adapt to most areas of modern civilization, many of these former tribesmen still cling to their beliefs in witch doctors and "muti," a type of concoction that is supposedly miraculous medicine. Witch doctors with their feathered headdress still continue their rattle-shaking practices in Johannesburg's native section.

When the witch doctor prescribes a powder of dried baboon skin or crushed vulture's legs as a cure for a cold, the natives have their prescription filled at a modern "muti" store operated by Reggie Naidoo. Naidoo has been supplying hundreds of strange medicines to the city's natives for over twenty years.

"Our phone rings all day. Natives throughout Johannesburg call in their orders for magic medicine," Naidoo reported. The magical potions have the claimed ability to cure both psychic and physical problems. "We

always have something that will help them," Naidoo declared.

The store is filled with neat rows of ready-mixed medicine. There are potent patent medicines, tonics, pills and stimulants which Naidoo compounds from roots and herbs. One of his most popular potions is a delicate animal fat guaranteed to cure people plagued by the *Tokoloshe*, a legendary imp with mischievous inclinations. "The symptoms of the *Tokoloshe* can be those of insomnia or stomach ache," a Johannesburg physician reported.

Among his shelves of "muti" medicines, Reggie Naidoo has baboon and snake skins, mamba and hippo fat, elephant's teeth, lucky beans, porcupine quills, vulture's wings and containers of vulture brains.

"Vulture brains are one of our most popular medicines," Naidoo reported.

The natives believe the brains of a vulture provides them with an uncanny ability to predict the future through their dreams. "They love to bet on the races," the Johannesburg physician related. "They eat the bird's brains and then go to bed. As they fall asleep they concentrate on the following day's races. If a number appears in their dreams they will bet their life's savings on that number."

Do vulture brains and other "muti" really work? The natives swear they do and they have more faith in Reggie Naidoo's roots, herbs and barks than in civilization's latest miracle drugs.

THE "EVIL EYE"

The policeman looked into the dull gray sky, then turned back to the icy river. It was December 12, 1964, and the officials of the tiny village of Saint-Fraimbault, France, were pulling a drowned body from the icy

river. The bloated corpse had once been a vital, happy young village girl.

"Why would she kill herself?" the policeman inquired. He was puzzled by the senseless tragedy.

"It was the evil eye," whispered another member of the group. "It is rumored in town that someone looked at her and caused the curse."

Days later, a farmer in the same area hanged himself because he was slowly wasting away under the spell of an "evil eye." In the United States, gangsters in the old days frightened disgruntled factory workers with the threat of placing an "evil eye" curse on any employee who left his job.

The ancient fear of the curse of the evil eye is as real today as it was in ancient Babylonia. In Mexico, it is called *Mal ojo*. Superstitious natives believe terrible suffering and unpleasant illnesses plague those who have been cursed. Italians have a common fear of the *jettatore*, those who hold the supposed power of the eye's curse. The spell is called *malocchio*.

Many of these stories of the evil eye spring from superstitious beliefs or an overactive imagination. However, throughout much of today's world there is widespread belief in the curse. Millions of people believe there are persons in close alliance with the Devil who can cast spells through their eyes. Fear of the "evil eye" convinces them that any mishap or illness may be due to such a curse.

Throughout history, there have been many "cures" against the influence of the Devil's spell. Ancient Rome passed laws protecting crops against "overlooking." A mystical "eye of Osiris" was worn in ancient Egypt as an amulet to protect both the living and dead from evil influences.

Today, street vendors in Mexico hawk the *ojo de venado*, or eye of the deer, a painted acorn to act as a protective charm for the person who wears it. In India,

peasants smear lamp black on their eyelids to fend off the "evil eye." Hindu peasants often protect their crops from "overlooking" by setting a black pot and a white cross in the middle of their fields.

In Italy, the *mano in fico*, a clenched fist with the thumb thrust downward is a typical gesture to ward off the "evil eye." So is the age-old trandition of *mano cornuta*, where the index and little finger are thrust forward from a clenched fist in the "sign of the horns."

Educated people look upon the "evil eye" as a superstitition from the past. However, there are millions who still believe the *jettacore* and his *mal ojo* are capable of injurious effects.

WITCHDOCTOR MEDICINE

A blazing bonfire cast eerie shadows over an isolated native village in the jungle swamplands near the headwaters of the Amazon river in South America. A group of anxious villagers made a path as a *Curandero*, the region's most famous witch doctor, approached the mud-thatched hut where a demented young woman twisted convulsively on a mat of thick reeds.

The *Curandero* lifted the patient's eyelid and peered into the pupil. "She is possessed with the night devils," the witch doctor announced dramatically.

Vaguely, the demented young woman heard his soothing voice as he rummaged through his black magic bag, the traditional trademark of the witch doctor. Her eyes open now, she stared transfixed at the tall, regal figure. He was talking again but his words darted and leaped like the fierce night creatures in the jungle.

"I will make her sleep," the witch doctor announced. He quickly concocted a powder from *Datura fastuosa*, a herbal sedative which induces a benign coma. This plant still grows today around the ruins of ancient Incan

temples. It is believed that ancient priests used the herb as a surgical anesthetic.

The following afternoon, when the young native woman had recovered from her attack of hysteria, the witch doctor talked quietly to his disturbed patient. The *Curandero* prescribed mild tranquilizing herbs and encouraged the young woman to act out her emotions.

"Dance like the devil does," he insisted.

Weeks later, after a primitive form of psychoanalysis, the noted jungle healer pronounced the young woman totally cured. She assumed an active, normal role in the social life of her tribe.

Some psychiatrists report that the so-called primitive practitioners of the jungle conjurer's arts may actually be far advanced of our trained psychiatrists. Dr. Max Silva and Dr. Moises Lemlig spoke on the Curandero's skills at the Third Latin American Conference of Psychiatrists at Lima, Peru. The two Peruvian psychiatrists said witch doctors were particularly skilled in use of group psychiatric therapy.

"The witch doctor's knowledge of herbs and their properties in the treatment of mental illness may actually surpass our own manufactured miracle drugs," said a Brazilian psychiatrist who was interviewed at the conference.

Dr. Tigani El Mahi, a Sudanese psychiatrist for the World Health Organization, believes witch doctors offer incredible opportunities to the modern physician. ". . . we should stay on good terms with the medicine men," he told his colleagues.

Dr. T. A. Lambo, a Nigerian psychiatrist who was trained in Britain, combines ritualistic dances, jungle sacrifices and African magic with a modern psychiatric practice. "Dr. Lambo is well known for his system of relieving the tensions of patients suffering anxiety," a colleague reported.

Dr. Raymond Prince, of McGill University, Toronto,

praised witch doctors after a three-and-one-half year study among the Yorubas tribe in Nigeria. One native medicine man gave Dr. Prince a vial of supposedly "magic wine." The herbal liquid was prescribed by the Nigerian witch doctor to calm mentally disturbed individuals.

"This sample was later analyzed in London," Dr. Prince reported. ". . . chemically, it resembled reserpine, a tranquilizer known to modern medicine only since 1952. The natives have been using this for hundreds of years, as well as many other equally effective plant remedies which we know nothing about."

The reserpine-like liquid was obtained by boiling the roots of the Rauwolfa tree into a potent herbal tea. Primitive peoples use it as an antidote against snake-bite, reducing fevers, treatment of insanity and in curing eye and skin diseases.

Researchers have also discovered that the supposedly ignorant native witch doctors have prescribed natural forms of vitamins for centuries. "There are many miracle drugs locked away in the recipes of jungle healers," said one open-minded medical chemist. "A world-wide dissemination of this knowledge would advance medicine by several centuries."

V THE MIRACLE OF LOURDES

WHAT IS LOURDES?

Each year, there are hundreds of thousands of afflicted people of every faith who make a painful journey to Lourdes, France. Bright hope glistens in their eyes as they arrive from every nation, by bus, train, plane or private ambulances. Each seeks a cure—or an instantaneous miraculous healing—after bathing in the fabled waters of the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes in this small, quaint town nestled in the rolling hills of southern France.

The healing baths have been constructed where young Bernadette Soubrious communicated with the Virgin Mary in 1848. In the one hundred and twenty years since then, the French shrine has become the most famous healing place in the world. "Lourdes is directed by the Roman Catholic clergy," explained a priest. "In addition, the Lourdes Medical Bureau carefully examines all visitors who claim to have experienced a cure after being bathed in the water."

There are extremely rigid regulations that determine whether a "cure" or "miracle" has occurred after immersion in the cold spring water. "Although there have been millions of people to visit Lourdes, we have accredited a scant fifty-four miraculous healings in the past 110 years," declared a member of the Lourdes Medical Bureau. "An even smaller number of these cures have been acknowledged by the Church."

The Lourdes Medical Bureau is the "Devil's Advocate" of pilgrims who claim they have been cured by the waters. "Although a crippled man may throw away his crutches and walk out of the baths, we still must determine several basic elements before certification.

"First, the disease should be a serious malady, falling in the category of an illness presently incurable," the doctor continued. "As an example, this would include cancer. Second, the disease should not have shown any signs of regression prior to the visit to the shrine. Third, if medicine has been used it should have been useless in stopping progress of the disease. Finally, the cure must be perfect and definitive. There should be no return of the illness."

Investigation of alleged miraculous healing at Lourdes is extremely thorough. In June, 1951, a young Belgium woman was cured of cancer instantaneously. It required ten years of thorough investigation before her healing was called a miracle by the Lourdes Medical Bureau. Files on her case include biological and psychological analyses of the patient and her illness. The report also includes biopsy of the bone, X-rays, histopathological examinations and affidavits from witnesses.

An important consideration in every form of faith healing is suggestability in the mind of the patient. Heinrich Meng, a Swiss psychologist, declared: ". . . the patient is looking for divine intervention. Religious or not, there is the expectancy of a cure, mingled with anxiety."

At Lourdes, these careful examinations of all claimed cures eliminates persons who are suffering from hysterical or psychosomatic induced illnesses.

DOCUMENTED PROOF

June 14, 1965, was a special day in Messina, Italy. On that date, Archbishop Francesco Fasola proclaimed that the cure of a Sicilian woman at the Lourdes shrine in France was a "miraculous fact." Several years previously, Elisia Aloi, the patient, had traveled to Lourdes in hopes of alleviating tuberculosis of the bone. Like millions of other pilgrims who visit the shrine, the 35-year-old woman lowered herself into the cool waters.

Shortly thereafter she discovered she was completely and totally healed!

The Archbishop appointed a skeptical commission of distinguished doctors to study her claim of instantaneous cure. After four years of careful, painstaking investigation the commission reported the young woman had been cured "immediately . . . totally and (under) unforeseeable . . . circumstances." The Archbishop issued the decree, adding more validated testimony to the miracle waters of Lourdes.

On May 12, 1959, Miss Simone Rams and her family physician arrived at the Lourdes Shrine in France. It was the last hope for the 15-year-old teenager from Antwerp, Belgium. "It certainly did not require a physician's skill to see her swollen, cancerous thigh," a journalist wrote. "She had suffered from the condition for several years, was an invalid and was judged to be a terminal case."

The young Belgian girl was so weak that it required six days of hospital rest before she could be taken to the baths. On May 18, her body was lowered into the famed healing waters.

A sudden surge of well-being flashed through the

teenager's body. "I knew I would be well again," she said.

Her physician was mystified—the enormous swelling on Miss Rams' thigh disappeared when she stepped from the baths! "It was incredible!" he recalled. "She walked a few steps, at my request, something she had not done in many years."

Although weakened by her long seige of illness, Miss Rams devoured an enormous meal on her return to the hospital. Her large appetite continued for several days as strength returned to her revitalized body.

The Lourdes Medical Board immediately launched an investigation of the alleged miracle healing. There were medical and surgical files to document the girl's illness. Testimony by Belgian physicians established the validity of the cancerous condition. After two years of careful investigation, the Medical Board at Lourdes certified Miss Rams' cure as a "true miracle."

THE INVALID BECAME THE NURSE

Jeanne Frental had been gravely ill for ten years with an incurable case of tubercular peritonitis. For three years she had been an invalid, forced to remain in bed because her abdomen was swollen to an enormous size. The slightest movement created spasms of almost unbearable pain.

"She had a constant high temperature," her physician testified, later. "There was also evidence of an advanced heart weakness. To be perfectly honest, I had given up on her ever being well again."

On October 4, 1948, the physician prepared his patient for a trip to Lourdes. "I had no hopes for her recovery," he reported.

The hills around Lourdes were ablaze with autumn colors on October 8 when Jeanne Frental participated

in a Catholic Mass for ailing pilgrims. "I seem to feel better," she said. Hope softened her voice.

Shortly afterward, the young woman was taken to the baths at the Grotto. She was astonished to experience a feeling of "being lifted up." Amazed at her own strength, she found herself able to sit up. When she returned to the hospital, she consumed a substantial dinner. "It had been my first real meal in years," she related.

The following afternoon, Jeanne Frental briskly walked to the Lourdes Medical Bureau. There was no evidence of illness in her body when she was examined by a team of physicians. "You are free of all disease," she was told. "There is a total disappearance of all pathological symptoms."

Conscious of the needs of the sick, the girl returned to her home town and started to train as a nurse. Her perfect health and radiant vitality has been a continued inspiration to all of her patients.

THE LOST LOURDES

Even the most stolid peasant in the Middle Ages knew he lived in a superstitious society. The temper of the times was etched most prominently in medieval medicine. The barbaric invasions had swept away the medical advances of Hippocrates and Galem of Pergamum. Scientific knowledge was replaced by magic, religion and strange healing cults.

The influence of the church had banned doctors from performing surgery. "*Ecclesia abhorret a sanguine,*" physicians in the numerous orders were told. "The church abhors blood." Quacks, midwives, self-styled bleeding barbers, canny cultists and fast-talking fakers roamed the land with extravagant claims for their nostrums. The bleeder's motto was typical of the times. "If bleeding a pint from the patient does not cure, then

take a quart," proclaimed the men who wielded the deadly razors.

Hospitals were no better. Royalty and peasants received the same inadequate magio-religious care. The hospitals were church supported and they concentrated on the practice of Christian charity. "It is better to pray for their souls than try to heal the body," a scribe recorded. Amulets, prayers and vivid descriptions of a better life in the hereafter were prescribed for patients.

In the dark days of the eleventh century the people of France flocked to an icy spring in the north of France. "The waters have the power to create miracles," the word was passed from town to town. "Cripples leave their crutches by the banks when they leave. Sores are miraculously cured and miracles are commonplace there."

The full story of the "lost Lourdes" spring has been dimmed by the passage of centuries. References are made to the curative powers of the water in ancient texts and manuscripts. The scribes of the time assumed the location of the healing springs was so well known that it was not necessary to provide an accurate description of the location.

Freely translated, an ancient manuscript narrates the story of the springs:

"A land-owner in the north of Paris was directing his workmen in Spring plowing. One young man was directing a team of oxen when the boy vanished from sight. It was as if the devil had reached up to grab the youth. The Lord of the land heard the shouts of his astonished servants and rushed to the spot.

"The landowner discovered the boy had fallen into an underground spring. He directed a servant to dive into the spring and rescue the lad, who could not swim. The servant who rescued the boy had a bleeding sore on his cheek. Within a few hours after being bathed in the waters, the servant discovered his cheek was completely healed.

"An old man who was crippled with stiffness in his body bathed in the waters and announced his malady had disappeared.

". . . others came to the manor and beseeched the landowner for permission to bath in the waters. Many were cured of their ailments. Others returned home with a sorry heart because their sins were too great and their punishment lingered in their bodies," the scribe continued.

As news of the pagan Lourdes spread, thousands of people streamed into the northlands for baths at the spring. Coaches of wealthy persons rolled out from Paris to seek a cure in the waters.

". . . the miracles performed there by our Holy Father brought Christians from over the world," wrote the scribe. The ill, the lame and the miserable of France, Germany and Italy made a pilgrimage to the site of the healing spring. An ailing prince in northern Italy dispatched horsemen to bring a container of the water to his bedside.

Thousands of Europeans visited the spring as stories of the curative power of the waters were related throughout the continent. However, crowds of afflicted always bring charlatans, beguiling the sufferers with fantastic claims of magic cures and secret treatments, for not all "treatments" are ever successful.

Eventually, a carnival-like tent town blossomed around the hillside near the spring. Canny con men hired fast-talking spielers and agents to wander through the crowd and spread word of their own great healing powers. Dusty and defeated because the icy waters had not transformed his shrivelled leg into a healthy limb, a peasant would listen intently, his eyes gleaming with hope. His hard earned money would be paid out, in return for red vials, blue vials, magic powders, and so forth.

Once the patient returned home, applied the medication and nothing happened, he would become aware

that he had been victimized. In his bitterness and disappointment, he would blame the waters of the spring.

". . . within a few years the pilgrims stopped coming to the spring," the scribe recorded. "Only a few people in the region still believe in the waters, although cures are affected there now, as in the past."

The crowds of pilgrims dwindled. Time passed and the world went on. The spring was forgotten and lost. Was it indeed another Lourdes? Were the alleged cures actual manifestations of a miracle in the water—or some unrecorded chemical property now lost to science? Perhaps some time in the future, the "lost Lourdes" spring will be found again and these questions will be answered with documentation.

VI MEDICAL CURIOSITIES AND MISCELLANY

MIDWIFE MEDICINE

"Gold! They've discovered gold in California."

Thousands of adventurous men threw down their tools, packed their bags and bid farewell to their friends when the electrifying news of the California gold strike flashed across America in 1849. Many of the fortune hunters were in desperate need of medical attention when they arrived in the overcrowded bonanza boomtowns on the west coast.

"Where's the local doctor?" was the first question asked by an ailing newcomer in the gold fields.

The reply was usually a bitter laugh. "He's out digging gold."

The lack of competent medical attention in the gold fields is beyond the comprehension of today's modern American, who is accustomed to instant medical attention. When news of the Sutter's Mill strike flashed through San Francisco, all of the town's doctor's immediately ceased practicing medicine and dashed toward the glory holes. More than two thousand doctors from the east scurried to California, not as physicians but as gold rushers.

The common cold, scurvy, diarrhea, dysentery, malaria, pneumonia, spotted fever, measles, syphillis, and flu spread with alarming epidemic proportions. Mining accidents, crippling falls and gunshot or knife

wounds were ordinary occurrences in the explosive atmosphere of "get-rich-quick" tent towns. The miners were frequently left on their own to cure these serious ailments.

Often, their self-medication triggered some dubious and ridiculous cures.

"Scurvy was always a problem in the gold camps because our diet usually consisted of hard tack bread and beans," a gold rusher told a historian many years later. "One remedy for scurvy was to bury the patient in the earth. Only his head was to be left sticking out of the earth. I'll never forget traveling through the Mother Lode country one sunny afternoon. I stumbled across a camp of placer miners. Every man in the camp, except one, was buried alive with only his head showing out of the ground.

The "bury-a-buddy-alive" scurvy treatment was but one of several thousand bizarre home remedies that proliferated on the American frontier. With doctors unavailable or hundreds of miles away, the pioneers seized any supposed cure as a remedy for their ailments.

One young physician, a graduate of an eastern medical school, journeyed to the untamed plains of Nebraska. He established a practice in Fillmore county. The young doctor had barely opened his office when a local midwife accosted him. "I suppose you're one of those high-falutin' fancy doctors?" Feminine scorn constricted the irritation in her voice.

The doctor smiled. "I'll do anything to cure any sick person."

The midwife looked thoughtful. "Well, you'd better forget that fancy medicine. If somebody has a case of shingles, you chase a red hen till the poor bird is overheated. Then wring its neck, chop off the head and pour the hot blood on the area of the skin where the shin-

gles hurt. It's never failed in all the years I've been practicing."

"That is something new," admitted the young doctor, doubtfully.

"Hives is another thing. The only way to cure them is have a seventh son breathe into the patient's mouth," announced the midwife. "A sore throat can be cured in a few hours if you make a necklace of pothooks and put it around the young'un's neck. Next time some young mother brings in a baby with colic, tell her to put a horseshoe under the child's pillow. It never fails."

The doctor listened intently to the old woman. A gossipy midwife could spread wild tales about a new physician in any community; the success of a practice frequently depended on a close relation between the doctor and the town's "granny."

There were other unusual remedies promoted on the frontier:

It was thought that rinsing the mouth twice daily with your own urine prevented tooth decay and gum infection. Young pioneer mothers also rubbed their children's gums with the brains of a rabbit for year-round protection. A necklace of rabbit's teeth also was alleged to prevent toothache.

The harsh life of the sod-busting frontiersmen led to chilling drafts, exposure and colds. Eating a large bowl of raw onions may have been triggered by a centuries-old recipe suggested by Italian midwives. They continue to advise cold sufferers to stuff their cheeks with raw garlic. "The germs may leave the patient in seach of a less odorous individual who doesn't have the garlic smell," one knowledgeable midwife explained to me one afternoon.

Settlers in Pennsylvania crossed their eyes as a supposed cure for sneezing.

Another remedy for sore throat was to drink a cup of heated deer blood.

In the early 1800s, severe aches and pains were supposedly cured by a concoction of Usnea (pulverized moss grown on a criminal's skull), mummy grease, and human blood.

In West Virginia, the backwoodsmen claimed rheumatism could be cured by walking barefoot over dewy grass in the morning.

A New England remedy for mumps was to treat the swollen area with a bandage soaked with sardine juice. If a Cape Codder suffered from a sore foot, the ailing individual supposedly relieved the affliction by tying a salt mackerel on the limb.

A bizarre pioneer remedy for constipation was to swallow a grasshopper backwards. "Then let it dig its way out," the patient was advised.

An old German cure for ringworm was to rub the afflicted area with black gunpowder wetted with saliva.

Hundreds of childless couples vacationed at seaside resorts during the 19th century. It was believed swimming in salt water enabled childless wives to become pregnant.

Or, run around a house at midnight to cure asthma. Cure convulsive fits by pouring dishwater over a rose bush at dawn. A meal of fishworms will ease heartburn (and probably make the patient forget the illness completely). Improve your memory by boiling a meadowlark in milk and wearing the cooked bird on your head, under a tight skull cap. Hold three hard boiled eggs in your hands on Easter and fever will not occur for another year.

"An ugly old wart can be a real puzzlement to the doctoring fellows," claimed Mother Creed, the legendary southern practitioner of "granny" medicine. "Nobody knows what causes a wart to pop out on the skin, or

why they go away. We used to tease kids and say warts were caused by playing with frogs."

How are they removed? "The doctors are using electric needles or surgery," replied the old woman. "I had awfully good luck in getting rid of them by telling the little children to steal their mama's dishrag and secretly hide it under a big rock for three days. It was just a story but there have been thousands of warts that disappeared on the third morning after they hid the old rag."

Mother Creed, who admits she is unschooled except in experience, stated "warts are probably caused by nerves in the body, or bad blood."

The famed "Mother Creed's Ten Minute Wart Remover" has been used for years in the hills of Appalachia and throughout the southland. "My ten minute cure never failed," she boasted. "It was given to me by my mother, whose grandma gave it to her."

Mother Creed outlined the recipe for her instantaneous wart removal:

"Take a small piece of potash and let it stand out in the open air until it slackens up. Then pulverize it into a powder. Mix it with gum arabic. If you don't have gum arabic, thicken it with water til it is a real thick paste," she said. "The main thing is that you don't want it to spread all over your skin.

"Take a clean razor blade and hold it in the fire to kill all of the germs. Pare off a few seeds of the warts or remove some of the dead skin of the corn (if that's what's bothering you). Apply the potash paste on the wart and let it stay there for ten minutes. Next, wash off the paste and use plenty of water. Then, soak the wart in vinegar or an oil of some kind; bacon grease will do if that's all you've got," she continued. "The oil or vinegar neutralizes the alkali effects of the potash."

The old woman always advised her patients to leave

the wart alone after treatment. "Nature will do the rest," she claimed. "People should just leave them alone and they'll fall out. I know you can make a bad sore if you start pinching or squeezing them. If the wart hasn't disappeared within a week, repeat the treatment."

Another old folk remedy for removal of warts was to apply a diluted solution of nitric acid to the wart. An old German woman reported: "Take ½ nitric acid and ¾th water. Apply a very small amount, using the edge of a match. Don't put on too much or it will burn. Don't let it touch the skin around it or it may burn. Just apply a small amount for a few days and the wart will disappear in about a week."

Warts have always been a considerable problem to a nation of people who are extremely conscious of their appearance. There have been many strange cures for removal of these ugly growths, including rubbing them with pulverized pinto beans, daily applications of chicken fat, and a poultice of bacon fat.

It may happen that man reaches the moon before our knowledge increases to include a cure for the common wart.

And so the thousands of folk remedies live on. We should remember that while folk medicine and "granny medicine" can contribute to our health, it is dangerous to accept any remedy without considerable skepticism. The ministrations of your local doctor is still the most intelligent source of information and care for any illness or affliction.

IS THIS THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH?

The frightened band of primitive Florida Indians watched with fascination as a gigantic sailing ship anchored beyond the white caps of the surf. The natives had never seen a craft larger than their dugout canoes.

They shouted with intense emotion as the ship launched a rowboat and a group of armor-clad Spanish soldiers rowed toward the shore.

Moments later, a squat, dark-eyed soldier raised his hand in the signal of peace. "I am Ponce de Leon, the representative of his most Holy Catholic Majesty, the king of Spain," announced the explorer. "I come in peace. We ask your directions to the place of famous waters, where the sick grow well and old men become like young warriors."

"Are you from beyond the stars? How can you speak our language?" the Indian chieftain inquired.

The Spaniard answered, "Your brothers to the South have taught us some of your words," de Leon replied. "They said a place of healing waters lay to the north."

The chief nodded his head in agreement. "Our people have been to the place." He waved toward a middle-aged Indian, who stepped forward from the group of staring Indians. "This one has made the trip to the place of the Gods. He will tell you about it."

"I was dying from the fire inside me and the yellow stuff ran out of my eyes," said the warrior. "The medicine man gave me the leaves of swamp weed gathered in the light of the round moon. It did not work. I caught a toad inside a decayed tree stump during the time of morning dew. I roasted the toad, as the medicine man said, and ate it. The yellow stuff became worse. My eyes became like those of old men. The medicine man led me far into the land of cold nights. He took the magic water from the place and bathed my eyes. My eyes were well within ten sunrises. Drinking the magic water killed the fire inside me. We came home and I have been well since then."

Ponce de Leon grinned delightedly. At first, he had doubted the story of a fabled Fountain of Youth. Yet, this was the fourth tribe of Indians who talked of such magic waters. "Those are the waters we seek,"

the Castilian explorer announced. "We will greatly reward the man who leads us to the springs."

The Spaniard's mind skittered to the fame that would be his when he brought this potent curative liquid to the Spanish king's court. Like many others of royal blood, the Spanish ruler was afflicted with numerous illnesses.

In the months to follow Ponce de Leon and his soldiers searched diligently for the fabled place. The Spaniard relentlessly drove himself and lashed his men in the futile quest for the legendary waters. However, historians and scholars say the healing spring was an imaginative fable invented by the Indians.

Still, the legendary Fountain of Youth may have been a reality. Today, numerous examples of miracle cures have been recorded at Windy Point, a lonely spot where the Shallotte Inlet flows into the Intercoastal Waterway in Brunswick county, North Carolina. The fantastic healing powers of the water is considered so powerful that local residents in the area consider the stream to be "the fountain of youth."

A woman from Winston-Salem, N. C. was instantly healed of a serious, puzzling disease of the eyes. She had undergone extensive treatment by eye specialists and was under medication when her husband heard of Shallotte Inlet's famed waters. "We drove over there one afternoon and my wife took a swim in the water," the husband explained.

"I am a religious woman and live by the Good Book," his wife told reporters later. "But I had never believed in miraculous cures in this day and age. It was mostly at my husband's insistence that I agreed to go to Shallotte Inlet."

When the couple arrived at Grause Landing, the wife dove into the waters. "My eyes burned when I was beneath the surface and I raised my head above the water for relief," the woman told newsmen. "When I did, I

discovered my blurred vision had disappeared. The waters had healed instantly. It was a true miracle."

Now, eleven years later, the Winston-Salem housewife has strong vision and does not need glasses.

Over the years there have been many miracle cures attributed to the unusual waters of Shallotte Inlet. A local farmer claimed to have cured a persistent skin rash by sprinkling the affected area with the water for a week. Another man cured a swelling condition in his arm by bathing the limb in the stream for a week. There are reports of cures of so-called skin cancers by the water but these stories are not documented.

Chemical analysis of the water has revealed no additional ingredient that might effect these cures. "We just don't know the reason for the healing power," explained a local minister. "Perhaps it is the combination of the water, the healing hand of God and the suggestibility of the patient. If you come seeking a cure and believe strongly enough, perhaps belief makes it so."

Shallotte Inlet is publicly owned. Anyone may visit the area and use the waters. As word-of-mouth news of the supposed curative ability of the waters was proclaimed by local newspapers and one national magazine, more and more people drove into the town of Shallotte for a possible healing. As yet, no group has attempted to document the claimed cures and, until more evidence is available, the healing waters must be considered largely unproven.

However, these modern claims of cure may well be the present example of the fountain of youth which the Spaniards sought so diligently.

BE HEALTHY—BUY A HOUSE!

People who live in houses have a built-in health miracle, according to Dr. Desmond M. Fanning. The British Royal Air Force physician recently conducted an in-

depth study of people who live in houses and their apartment-dwelling cousins.

"There is a decided health difference," Dr. Fanning reported to newsmen.

People who live in houses have fewer colds. They have fewer mental illnesses. There is a decrease in respiratory ailments, depression, tension and anxiety among home owners.

In fact, this unusual study of 558 families revealed that apartment dwellers had fifty-seven per cent more illness. "The higher the apartment, the greater the chances for the occupant needing a physician," Dr. Fanning stated. Dr. Fanning's study also showed there were more marriage difficulties between apartment couples.

"The most startling element of the study was that mental illness rose according to the heights of the apartments," the physician stated. "It was always very low on the ground floor and rose steadily. It was remarkably high on the upper floors."

The Royal Air Force physician concluded home owners have more social contact with neighbors, suffer less from boredom and are outdoors more frequently. "People in apartment houses tend to remain secluded and isolated. They are cooped up and are easy prey for disease germs. They also suffer from loneliness," Dr. Fanning concluded.

Perhaps your first step to a more vital life starts with a trip to the offices of a suburban realtor.

UNUSUAL "MEDICINE"

The lowly potato. Powder from a unicorn's horn. Cagliostro's childbirth bed. The weird "rheumatism chair." Tidbits of Egyptian mummy. Pieces supposedly from an angel in heaven. Dr. Perkin's Magnetic Tractors. Fingers from a corpse. The king's healing touch.

Like a drug list from some bizarre physican out of another, wilder dimension, these nightmare nostrums have one thing in common: all have been the basis for a faith healing cult sometime during history.

Even more incredible is that cures were affected by each of these items—no matter how repulsive or fanciful they may seem. The power of belief within the patient made them work. However, when the patient was truly ill, with organic disease—well, not even the greatest medicine will benefit everyone.

Powder from the mythical unicorn's horn was usually nothing more than plain elephant ivory ground fine. It was considered so miraculous in its curative powers that only kings and clergy could afford the exorbitant cost. A small, 2-ounce container was once sold in Germany for the equivalent of $100,000.

Tidbits of Egyptian mummy were equally expensive. When the ancient tombs of Egypt were opened, some enterprising healer endowed the preserved corpses with unuaual healing powers. Like unicorn powder, it was also extremely high in cost. Consequently it was prescribed for only the most severe illness.

Whatever royalty has, the peasants want and in sixteenth century Europe every invalid wanted Egyptian mummy for his ailments. Several unscrupulous rascals eyed the booming market, made a deal with the local hangmen and created a local counterfeit nostrum. The Parisian Medical Academy considered the properties of mummy to be extremely beneficial and endorsed it very highly.

Usnea was a supposedly wondrous concoction that was still being sold less than a century ago. Even in those days, people complained of "nagging backache, headaches and that listless rundown feeling" as our modern television commercials describe the symptoms.

Instead of taking an aspirin, our ancestors swore by a pinch of Usnea. It was sold in most apothe-

caries and was common enough to be listed in the first edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Usnea was made by drying and pulverizing moss to a fine powder--specifically, moss that had been grown on the lifeless skull of a dead criminal, and particularly one who had been hanged in chains.

Another plant once considered with curative powers was the common, garden variety potato. The vegetable was unique when it was first introduced in Europe and the soothsayers immediately equated it with curative powers: the potato was rare, hence it must be a special plant. As everyone knew, special herbs were good for curing almost any ailment. The potato was considered to be a very powerful form of aphrodisiac and very helpful in ending impotence.

Gold dissolved in a special acid was a magic remedy pitched by the originators of alchemy, the Babylonians. Even today, gold powder is believed to be a cure for rheumatism in certain provinces of China.

During the Crusades, the canny hustlers of the Middle East hawked bits of wood as being "pieces of the True Cross where the Savior was crucified." Half of the Palestine forests were chopped down before the Crusaders became wise to the wily tricks of the Middle Easterners.

Vials of water, purported to be tears shed by Christ, or Mary or even St. Peter, brought a premium in the bazaars. One group of monks did a sellout business with a grisly item called "the true finger of the Holy Ghost." This bloody finger, chopped from a fresh corpse, was also endowed with unusual curative powers.

A rival monastery became envious of their neighbors gathering in the coin of the realm with such nostrums. Within a fortnight, the greedy monks brought out a new model. "It is a feather from the angels in heaven, sire," pitched these conning Christians. "It is magic and will cure all ills." Any cures from these relics were created entirely in the minds of the patient.

Cagliostro, one of the most successful faith healers of all time, treated wealthy Europeans during the reign of Louis XVI. Cagliostro's Amazing Child-Birth Bed was supposed to provide absolutely painless childbirth. His incredible rheumatism chair "enables the ailing owner to sit quietly and cure his disease," according to Cagliostro. Whenever the canny conman ran into someone with an empty head and a full purse, he touted his famed Elixir of Life.

Dr. Elisha Perkin's Magnetic Tractors were two short metallic rods which were patented in 1796 by the Connecticut physician. "To treat a disease place the rods in contact and draw them over the affected area," were the instructions accompanying each pair of tractors. The sales pitch was well timed. Benjamin Franklin had discovered that lightning was electricity and there was excitement connected with electricity. Several hundred thousand of the rods were sold until it was proven the patient recovered just as well when the rods were any other piece of metal or wood.

The King's Healing Touch was started by Edward the Confessor, of England, whose "royal touch" cured scrofula and epilepsy. Edward's special healing sessions were doubly interesting for the populace because he gave a gold coin to each patient. The tradition continued through the reign of several English kings, spread to Europe and, eventually, into Asia. William III of England was disgusted when the unwashed showed up for their healing. He touched them lightly on the affected area and stated: "May God give you better health and more sense." The practice ended with Queen Anne, who touched Dr. Samuel Johnson during one of her last healing processions.

Medical science today tells us that the body builds up a "tolerance" to even the best of our miracle drugs. Perhaps, like our ancestors, whenever the mind refuses to accept the rare, unusual qualities of a drug or cure, it

becomes worthless. If you believe in the "granny" methods of curing a cold, they possibly work for you. If you believe in modern scientific medicine, you will need antibiotics. A great deal appears to depend upon the power of suggestion.

Before ether was discovered and became an all-purpose anesthetic, a doctor frequently carried two ample jugs of whiskey into the hospital operating room. "One jug is to get the patient so drunk that he can stand the pain," explained an old general practitioner. "The other bottle is to give me the courage to start cutting or sawing on the poor soul."

An old gypsy cure for wart was to steal a slice of pork and rub it on the wart at midnight under the light of a full moon. As warts often are removed from the sufferer by various suggestability cures, this Romany superstition frequently worked.

When the rural Chinese become afflicted with stomach ills, the local *shamen* often prescribed a meal of raw pig tails. Mao's Communist regime has attempted to stop these practices but the Chinese peasants continue in their ancient folk beliefs.

An old voodoo folk remedy for blood poisoning was to drink a large bowl of boiled ant soup. This remedy is now being investigated by a South American medical team. Their results have been inconclusive but, to date, there are indications of a chemical element in ant bodies which eliminates poisoning agents in blood.

HYPNOTISM—MIRACLE CURE?

The Marquis de Puysegur, who studied "animal magnetism" under Franz Mesmer, sipped his wine and looked bitterly at the people who strolled past the sidewalk cafe.

"Why are you so sad today, my friend?" the cafe proprietor inquired.

"I have studied diligently with Mesmer," said Puysegur. "Yet, I cannot understand his method of healing. There has to be something more than the cursed bleeders today."

The cafe owner shrugged. He refilled his customer's wine glass. "Have one on the house, my friend," he said, grandly. "It is the least I can do for one who hopes to discover the secrets of the universe."

Gradually, from his experiments with what he called "somnambulism," Marquis de Puysegur unlocked the hidden secrets of hypnotism. Offices were quickly opened and Parisians flocked to be placed in a trance. The Frenchman felt a patient in a trance was capable of being cured, of curing and of diagnosing the ills of others.

His first patient was a frail, bent-backed man with a painful rheumatic condition. Through the power of hypnotic suggestibility, Puysegur eliminated the pain. It also became fashionable for Parisians to stop at Puysegur's for a quick, pain-killing trance before proceeding to their dental appointments.

A more dramatic healing occurred when the French hypnotist was called to treat a peasant youth who had been bedridden for several days. "He has a burning feeling in his chest," the boy's father explained. Today, the diagnosis would be inflammation of the lungs.

Puysegur wrote an account of his miraculous cure for the youth:

"I had him get up out of bed and I placed him into a trance," he wrote. "I was very surprised to see him fall asleep after seven or eight minutes. He slid quietly back into the chair, without any pain or convulsions.

"I decided it might be possible to accelerate the crisis by bringing on a delirium state. I asked questions and he talked. We discussed his life for some time. When

I found certain subjects seemed unpleasant, I changed the conversation.

"Gradually, I discovered there were some problems in his life. These problems had created his illness. When he was in the sleep state, I gave him a new direction for his life," he concluded.

When the youth was brought out of the trance state, his condition had miraculously disappeared. Puysegur became the father of today's hypnotic medicine. Later, he wrote, "The points between the waking and sleeping states can be described as two entirely different existences. In the sleeping state, people recall all they have done while awake. In the waking state, they cannot recall what has taken place in the sleeping state."

Now, more than two centuries later, this simple truth is being accepted. Doctors and psychiatrists now use hypnosis as an entry into the dark tunnels of the subconscious mind or as an anesthetic.

THE QUESTION OF CANCER

During the final weeks of his cancerous illness, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles received several hundred letters. Virtually every letter contained a suggestion for a possible cancer cure. Altogether, the juices or extracts of sixty different plants were recommended.

"The essence of several crushed flowers were also recommended," an aide recalled.

Surprisingly, several of these folk remedies can be traced back to ancient Greece, Rome and even the regal, priestly physicians who practiced during the Pharoahs' era in Egypt.

Even more surprising, at the moment when the ailing Secretary of State was receiving these suggestions from throughout the world, modern medical researchers were

experimenting to determine the validity of many of the folk cures.

"I can cite several examples," remarked a medical research director. "Ancient mummies showed frequent, definite symptoms of cancer. The Egyptian Ebers Papyrus, dated at about 1500 years before Christ, stated yeast was used in treatment of the disease. About eighteen years ago, folic acid was introduced as a modern anti-cancer treatment. As you may know, folic acid is a derivative of yeast."

The research director lit a cigarette and then continued: "Dioscorides was an army doctor. He traveled with the armies of Nero, the Roman Emperor. He also wrote of containing and, possibly curing, some cases of cancer through the application of the autumn crocus. Colchicine is an alkaloid product from this plant. Today, a colchicine-related medicine is being used by physicians for treatment of glandular leukemia. Colchicine is now used for the treatment of gout."

Another cancer researcher reported: "There is still a very strong belief in folk remedies today," he said. "Actually, when extracts from certain folk remedies are administered to experimental animals, there is evidence of antitumor activity." He mentioned garlic and bloodroot as two such extracts.

Mistletoe, the sacred plant of the ancient Druids, is another substance being investigated as a possible anti-cancerous agent. Pharmaceutical companies in Russia, France, Germany and Switzerland have products on the market that were medically evaluated before their introduction. Each is based on a chemical derivative of mistletoe.

A few years ago, the Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, New York, collected many different varieties of mistletoe.

"After exhaustive tests we discovered the fresh juices from the *viscum album* species caused an approximate

fifty percent tumor reduction in laboratory mice," a spokesman for the institute reported. "This is approximately the same rate of effect provided by chemical agents marketed today."

The first man to prescribe mistletoe extracts for cancer was Flinius the Elder. The Roman physician lived in the first century after Christ, maintained an active law practice and delved in Rome's many political intrigues.

"He was perhaps the first executive to have a secretary to take down his dictation at any time of the day or night," a historian related. "In his spare time, he turned out 108 books including his thirty-seven volume set on *Natural History*."

Dr. Jonathan Hartwell devoted five years of his life to investigate an old Penobscot Indian cure for cancer. The claimed cure was considered a folk remedy by many, and a "quackery concoction by others." However, recurring tales among pioneer families who had tried the cure told of amazing recoveries.

Today, an extract of the *podophyllum peltatum*, the North American mandrake or May apple, is used to treat warts and other skin growths. Sandoz, Ltd., Badel, Switzerland, launched an anti-cancer agent SPI-SPG which is based on a synthesis of *podophyllum*. However, to date, results are not definitely determined. It is available only in Switzerland.

Some botonists and researchers believe the juices, or extracts, of many plants may be more powerful and curative in their natural states than through synthetic manufacturing.

"In many years of experimenting with cancer cures, we have had much more success with natural plants than with artificial drugs," said one out-spoken botanist. "Plants have more compounds, more properties than our chemical laboratories can ever put together in an artificial environment. As a general rule, the natural extracts

are less likely to have side effects. They were developed by nature, in link with life."

Contrary to ignorant claims by fake healers, medical research is working as fast as possible toward the development of a cure for cancer.

"I have heard these old stories about doctors not wanting a cure for cancer because it would create a loss of income," my family doctor reported. "My God! Have you ever known the frustration of being unable to cure someone who needs to live? Someone who is valuable to his family, his town, his society or nation. Or, just any human being at all."

If you are worried about cancer, the best procedure is to visit your local doctor for a medical check-up. Your physician is current and up-to-date in his information on all drugs and treatments. Under no circumstances should you become involved with a "cancer clinic" anywhere in the world without securing the advice and permission of your personal physician.

ATTEMPTED MURDER TRIGGERS AN INSTANT CURE

In 1957, elderly Marie Borgay of Toulon, France, became bedfast with a strange paralysis. The family physician made an extensive examination of the 77-year-old woman and then called in a specialist. They shook their heads in collective bewilderment.

"A cure seems very unlikely," the family physician explained to Pierre Borgay, the 75-year-old husband. "We can find no organic reason for the paralysis. This probably means your wife will remain bedfast until the end of her days."

Marie Borgay began to cry. "Who'll take care of me?" she asked.

Pierre Borgay comforted his wife. He patted her hand gently. "Don't worry, mama. I'll take care of you," he

promised. "Just stick to the thought of getting well."

Pierre Borgay quickly found his life undergoing an unwelcome change. A retired transport worker, he had enjoyed his leisurely days. Now, his life was suddenly brimming with chores. There was the drudgery of doing the daily housecleaning. He had to visit the food markets to do the shopping, then rush home to cook the meals. Nursing his wife and administering medication regularly were additional chores.

The old man found solace in visits to a nearby cafe during the evening. His old friends were always there. A pipeful of fine tobacco, a glass of good wine and Pierre Borgay forgot his responsibilities for an hour as he swapped memories with his friends.

One evening, as Pierre was wiping the dinner dishes, his wife called from the bedroom.

"Are you leaving me again tonight?" Her voice was thin and childish.

"It is only a couple of hours," Pierre replied. "You know I enjoy seeing the boys."

"You always leave me in the evening." Marie Borgay's voice was whining through the evening dimness. "Pierre, come and read to me. I would like for you to read to me each evening."

Pierre wiped the last dish and wearily placed it in the cupboard. "Shall I read you the newspaper?" he called.

"Start with those novels by Balzac," replied his wife. "I always liked *Madame Bovary*."

Pierre found the book. He entered his wife's bedroom. She was stretched out on the bed under a thick comforter. She smiled from her pillow. Her husband started to read.

Pierre Borgay spent the next two years in the company of his wife. He left their home only to purchase supplies at the food markets or to cash his monthly pension checks. Sometimes he mumbled and talked to

himself as he shambled along the cobbled streets of Toulon on these infrequent trips outside his home.

Time moved slowly. Somehow, he felt outside the world, an elderly man condemned to an eternity of endless chores. One night he dreamed of falling off the edge of the world into a never-ending mass of dirty dishes. He became fatigued more easily these days. It often required all afternoon to complete the housecleaning chores.

Like a dark worm moving into a cauliflower head, a plan slithered into Pierre's brain.

"I'll kill her with a knife and hang myself," he mumbled. "Do her in with the knife."

There would be no more cooking, shopping or housecleaning. If he was lucky he might be able to enjoy a bit of the grape and an occasional pipe in the hereafter. If he was unlucky? Pierre shrugged his shoulders in a weary motion. "It can't be any worse than this," he mumbled.

The worm in his mind wiggled with delight.

Pierre read to his wife that evening from some silly book about a young girl in love. His voice was pleasant and steady. After his wife drifted off to sleep, the old man shuffled into the kitchen. He opened a drawer and stared deliberately at the clutter of knives. He felt cold and detached as he picked up a black-handled kitchen knife with a razor-sharp stainless steel blade. He tiptoed toward his wife's bedroom, glancing once with a grimace toward the bathroom where he had constructed an efficient gallows with a rope and a bucket.

Marie Borgay was sleeping soundly. He raised the knife above her. He tried to suppress a sudden desire to explain his actions to his wife. *I don't want to kill you, Marie. I don't want to kill myself but there is no other way. I can't go on.*

"Adieu, mon cheri!" He raised the knife for the deadly plunge.

Marie Borgay awoke and saw her her husband poised with the knife. She glimpsed the strange gleam in his unblinking eyes. The old woman screamed. She leaped from the bed and ran quickly from the room. It was the first time in two years she had walked.

Pierre dashed into the bathroom, looped the noose around his neck as he stood on the bucket, and stepped into space. The last thing he remembered was the shrill wails of terror as his wife ran through the house.

A neighbor heard Madame Borgay's screams. He arrived in time to cut the rope and revive Pierre Borgay by artificial respiration. The family physician arrived; he announced the elderly man was unharmed by the suicide attempt. The doctor was surprised to see Madame Borgay walking nervously through the rooms.

Subsequently, Pierre Borgay was given a psychiatric examination. The tests concluded he had been temporarily insane when he attempted the murder of his wife. After a few months of confinement in a mental institution, where he sat and smoked his pipe and swapped stories with other inmates, he was released and returned home.

During his stay in the hospital, Madame Borgay closed the family home and went to live with a sister. Neighbors smiled when Pierre returned to his home. Some talked of a murderous miracle cure that triggered an instant healing in Madame Borgay's body. Others talked of a lazy wife who played a devious trick on her aged husband. No one ever really knew the real truth about the matter.

CURES IN THE FUTURE

Many people are firmly convinced of the powers of certain people to see into the future. Certainly, no one will give credence to the phony claims advanced by

avaricious fortune tellers, fradulent palm readers and others who fail to provide valid support for their clairvoyant claims.

However, there are certain individuals who have demonstrated an uncanny accuracy to forecast the future. Their claims are supported by publication of their predictions in advance of the occurrence of the actual event. Several of these world-famous clairvoyants were asked to look into the future and predict the trend of medical advancements.

Here are some of their most startling predictions:

R. C. "Doc" Anderson: From his headquarters at 302 Gordon Avenue in Rossville, Georgia, "Doc" Anderson has gained considerable fame by forecasting the death of President Roosevelt, the end of World War II, detonation of the nuclear bomb and many other world-shaking events. He is widely known as "The Georgia Seer."

"A cure for cancer will be announced very soon," Doc Anderson predicted.

John Pendragon: One of England's most remarkable clairvoyants, Pendragon made published advance predictions of the Kennedy assassination, the recent middle-east crisis, Khrushchev's retirement and many other events.

"A French doctor or scientist will make a remarkable discovery which will lead to greater understanding of the cause and cure of certain malignant conditions of the body," Pendragon wrote for his 1969 predictions. "His initial discoveries may be based on inspiration. He will be rejected by Britain, but America will accept and extend his theories."

Malva Dee: "The amazing Canadian psychic" lives on "Enchanted Acres" in the beautiful Haliburton highlands at West Guilford, Ontario, Canada. She has made ad-

vance predictions in print of many future events including the death of Sir Winston Churchill, a Canadian government scandal and the Negro riots in America.

"The need for more hospitals is to be felt, not so much due to the known physical diseases today, but rather due to the increasing tensions felt within the world," she forecast. "More and more people will look to the world of medicine for a cure which will have to do with 'the mind,' or nervous breakdowns as so many of these will be termed.

"I also feel a new approach to skin grafting. Very beneficial to those needing such treatments, it will be especially helpful for burn cases.

"Also, a drug which will have a freezing reaction on diseased portions of the body will be put into use and will greatly aid doctors and scientists in their quest against today's so-called incurable diseases.

James Cameron: From his home in Scotland, Mr. Cameron has made some amazing clairvoyant predictions that have proved true. Although he did not forecast medical advances during 1968, Cameron predicted:

"There will be legislation in the United States to ban the supply of certain narcotics drugs (except those that are medically authorized.)" (*Author's note*: Mr. Cameron's prediction was made on August 9, 1967. Since then the Federal Drug Agency (FDA) has moved to ban certain diet pills and other narcotics that have no proven medical basis.)

Mr. Cameron concluded: "Regrettably, from a wayside plant will be discovered what at first will seem to be a mild narcotic. It will turn out to be a further insidious aspect of addiction." This could very well be the commonplace morning glory seeds, which contain LSD hallucination properties, according to various drug authorities.

Dorothy Spence Lauer: From her Glendora, California, home, Mrs. Lauer uses her "high degree of ESP" to predict many future occurrences.

In her most recent predictions, Mrs. Lauer foresees:

"There will be much marked progress in medicine. There will be a new drug for cancer which will be slow working, but will point the way to a cure. There will also be a cure for arthritis.

"There will be changes in the medicine chest of the future. Medicines will not be in bottles but sanitary capsules.

"Birth control pills will go out for something better.

"A new type of operation will be discovered by a physician. At first it will be scoffed at, but it will be so marvelous that people will look at surgery almost in the same way that one does now about the extraction of teeth."

Paul Twitchell: A world famous authority on Eckanar, Mr. Twitchell journeyed to Tibet in his youth to study under "the masters" who used "soul travel" to heal the ill and predict the future. His predictions included:

"Dr. Jonas Salk, the miracle man of polio, will find a new type of preventive for the viruses that are becoming prominent among the world population. It will not be accepted at first by the public, but only after considerable newspaper publicity on the preventive and curative ability of his discovery.

"One of the leading soft drink firms in America will make an announcement soon that it has perfected a no-nicotine cigarette. It will be ready for the public market in the near future.

"The Food and Drug Aministration is going to apply a new set of regulations for fair packaging and labeling. These will take effect soon and be enforced for all packagers of food products."

Louise Proctor: Although she was over 1,000 miles away, this amazing southern housewife saw the shocking Richard Speck murders at the exact time they occurred. Since then, her clairvoyant ability has blossomed and she predicted the *Pueblo* spy ship incident in waters off North Korea; the devaluation of the British pound and America's dwindling gold supply. She predicted:

"Federal agencies will be more rigid in enforcing the laws governing drugs and patent medicines. Many medicines will be banned from drug stores. Some will be useless. Others will be harmful to the user.

"An important vaccine will be discovered in the near future.

"A cure for cancer is iminent.

"Research is now in progress that will result in the conclusion that certain mental ills are due to vitamin deficiencies and chemistry changes in the body. I don't know when this will be announced."

If these predictions are as accurate as those made by these seers in the past, it would appear that mankind is on the threshhold of many miraculous medical discoveries.

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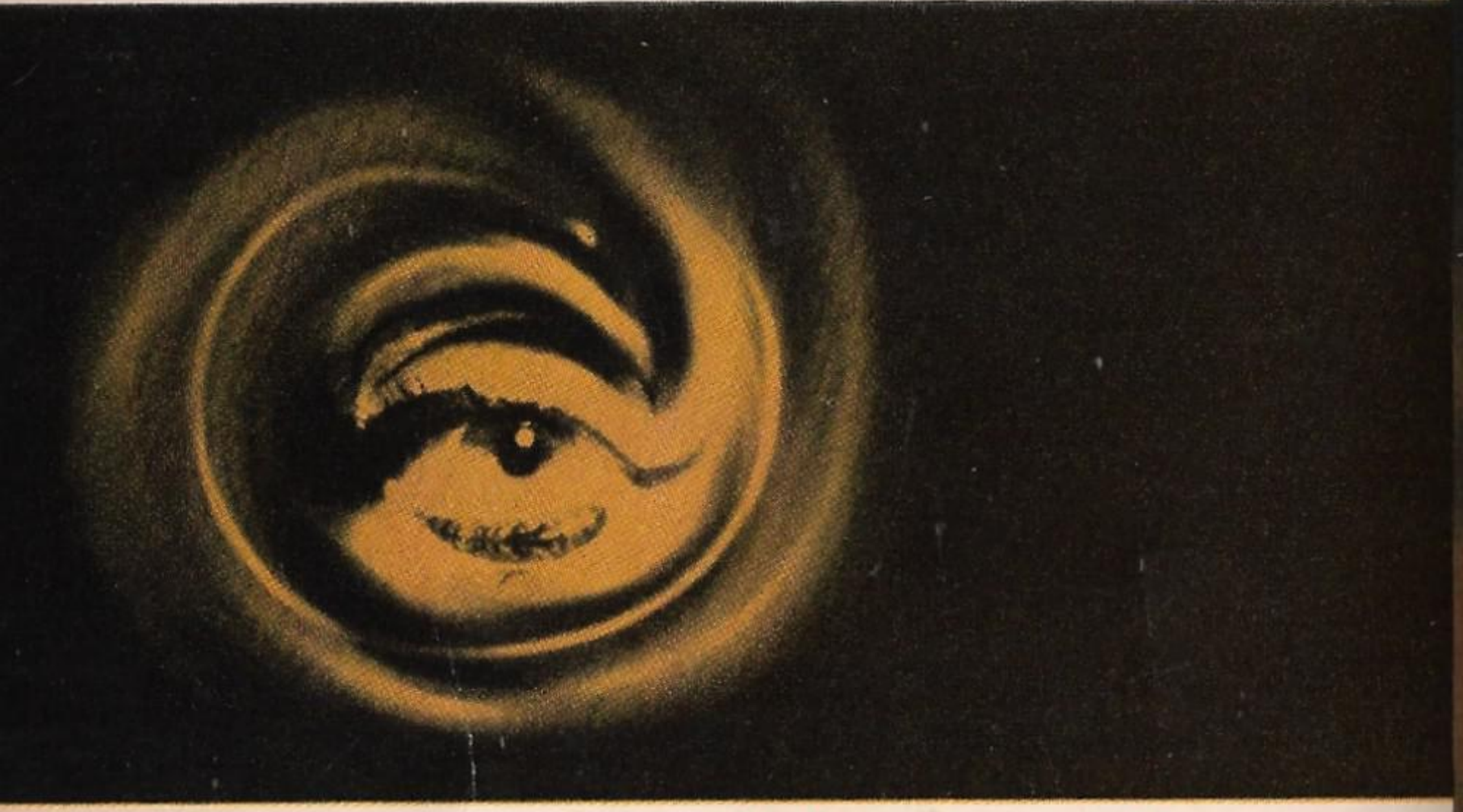

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